THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Two New Counties to Be Speedily Added to the State Roster—Changes of Date and Place of Meeting Should Be Sent to the Official Directory.

The Annual County Picnic of the Order to Be Held at Columbia Park on Aug. 30th—Other Interesting News.

On Sunday, Aug. 2, the State president completed arrangements for adding two new counties to the roster. The outlook through the state is very promising. No less than eight counties have been prospected, and await the visits of an organizer. Unfortunately the visits will be delayed pending the receipt of the per capita assessment, to enable the state officers to defray the expenses. The consideration of the urgency of the occasion is deserving of the best attention of division officers, who would do much to assist the state officials if they see that the quota of each division is handed to the county officers on Sunday next.

The picnic of Div. 2 is reported to have been a complete success. The speeches of Messrs. Holden and Lamb were very interesting, and worthy of more attention. Everything goes to prove that at picnics of this kind, speaking is not wanted, and is a waste of effort on the part of the orators. Little attention is paid to the remarks of the speaker, and the close of such exercises is impatiently looked for by the younger folk, who are supposed to be the people the talking is aimed at. This was quite apparent on Sunday, and should be taken as an indication of the inappropriateness of oratory at small social gatherings. It may be argued that the great feature of large annual gatherings is the oratory, speeches, etc. The point is not well taken, because at such large demonstrations the announcement of opinions on policies and conditions are expected and are heard. At the smaller events, social amusement alone is the attraction, and however well meant, speech-making is a burden on the picnickers. The financial feature of Div. 2's enterprise was a flattering success.

Division 19 will hold their posponed picnic on Sunday, Aug. 23, in Oswald's grove, Fifty-third and Halsted streets. The good men of No. 19 were at considerable expense through the failure of their attempt on June 21, hence their case deserves attention and support to enable them to recoup for the loss already sustained.

I notice some of the divisions have changed date and time of meeting without altering the information supposed to be contained in the published directory. It is not the most pleasing experience in the world to sacrifice a Sunday in paying a visit to a division, to learn on arrival at the hall they have moved. Such, however, has been the happy fortune of some of our friends during the past month. The oversight should be remedied at the earliest opportunity.

Some time since our worthy county president designed and submitted for opinion of the members of the county board, emblems or regalia for the decoration of our division hall during session. I have had many inquiries respecting the same, and would suggest that such divisions as may desire to order an outfit, to send their order to Brother Hensly, and help to cheapen cost of purchase by increase of amount of same. Our halls should be embellished with such suggestive emblems as those referred to, and I believe the adoption of the same by Cook county divisions will lead to consideration of same in all the other counties of our state.

I presume the warm weather will interfere with the work of the visiting committees, but with the heated spell past, the labor should be resumed with redoubled energy. It occurs to me that in a conversation with one of our thinking members, it was suggested that the county be subdivided into districts, and given into charge of deputy county presidents, each to have three divisions to watch over. On reflection I am impressed by the wisdom of the suggestion, and if practicable believe it would tend to good results. I have an idea that we would know better how the divisions are working, what the attendance is, and what are the methods prevailing, if brothers not connected with same were instructed to visit same each month and noting errors in practice or method, draw attention to mistakes while at the meeting. I am, of course, aware that it would require men of considerable judgment to discharge the duties of such office, but I am confident we have members equal to the task.

I am glad to be able to report that our indefatigable county treasurer, M. E. Lynch, together with Mr. T. Clohesy, have completed arrangements for the organization of a division in Lawndale. Twenty names will be presented at the county board, Sunday, Aug. 9. The gaps in the roster will soon be filled in by our earnest workers, and 1897 will see forty divisions organized in Cook county.

The County picnic, postponed until Aug. 30, calls for our best and closest attention. The extra expense for printing will require more profit to enable us to redeem the promise made of erecting a monument over our deceased brothers in Mount Olivet. So noble an incentive should urge us to extra effort. Our profit will mainly depend on the sale of tickets, and I would say in connection with the same that the purchase of two by every member in Cook county would more than command success. Not alone will our friends have a pleasant time in the happy reunion of old acquaintances, in the rational amusement and splendid programme of games provided by Brother W. J. Doherty and his confreres, but they will have an opportunity of viewing and inspecting one of the greatest feats of modern engineering, the drainage canal, which extends from Chicago to Joliet. The event must be a success. The idea of failure or partial success must be eliminated entirely from our calculations. Every brother interested in the future of the Order should become a missionary and visit every division he can reach, interesting every member in the good work. This will be a line of work very suitable for our young men, and I trust the result of their interest in the A. O. H. will be perceptible in the near future.

County Secretary J. J. Lamb will present a long list of names making application for a new division in St. Stephen's parish. He also promises another number on the Northwest Side before snow flies.

Brother P. F. Holden, president of Div. 35, has left for a business trip through Illinois, Kansas and Missouri, including a stay with his relatives in Maryville, Mo. Brother Holden will visit every division he can reach during his journey and tell the tale of Chicago's progress to our brothers in other states. I wish him a safe return.

The growth of our Order in Cook county goes on with encouraging results. To crown our labors we must see that the structure we erect is one of good material, and as fair within as it is impressive without. We must win the confidence of our newly-made brothers by our interpretation of, and adherence to, the truths and principles embodied in our beautiful obligation. We must show them that we are able to assist and willing to protect a brother against any and all assaults. We must prove to them that in joining hands with them in the holy grasp of friendship it is no mere form or utterance of empty words. I think for a moment, my brothers, of the fourth paragraph of that obligation and reflect what a mighty society ours would be, what a mighty power for the raising of our people our society would be, what an invincible agent in the regeneration of our nation our society would be if we but lived ever true to the golden wisdom which breathes through the lines of our ritual. A great society, a mighty engine for good, a beacon light ever faithful, why not appreciate its true mission, why not use worthily its almost untried power, why not follow straight the rays which the unworthy, the unprincipled, the designing and the mendacious fail too see?

Ex.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Lyceum was held in Unity hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street, on Thursday evening, the 23d ult. The largest and most enthusiastic audience that ever attended a meeting of this organization filled the spacious hall on that evening. Undoubtedly the subject chosen for discussion, namely, "Ought the Free Coinage of Silver at 16 to 1 be Adopted by the United States Independent of Any Other Nation?" proved the drawing card, and showed what great interest is being taken by the mass of our citizens in educating themselves upon the greatest issue now before the American people.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. William Dillon, after which a very excellent programme was rendered. That every number was thoroughly appreciated was obvious from the applause that followed each number, encores being the general order. The vocal solo by Miss Florence Blair and recitation by Mr. James J. Sweeney are particularly deserving of mention—the former is the happy possessor of a very sweet voice which shows much care and training, while the latter displayed elocutionary powers of a high degree, which at once endeared him to the members of the Lyceum.

A short recess was now taken, during which the payment of dues and other business was transacted, after which the debate was proceeded with. Clyde V. Nafe, of South Chicago, who opened for the affirmative, spoke at considerable length in favor of the white metal. He seemed to bring out his points so clearly that the audience was completely carried away with his arguments, as was shown by the frequent outbursts of applause that interrupted his address. He was followed by Mr. John McGrath, who advocated the single gold standard as being the only proper one under existing conditions. Among the other speakers were Judge Thomas A. Foley and William Condon, both of whom favored the stand taken by Mr. Nafe, while Mr. P. J. O'Sullivan, also of South Chicago, came to the rescue of Mr. McGrath. The arguments advanced on both sides were most interesting and instructive, and undoubtedly helped to enlighten many in the audience who came there knowing but little about the silver question. On a standing vote being called for by the president the decision was given in favor of the affirmative, after which the meeting adjourned, the wish being expressed by many that the Lyceum will see fit to have another discussion on the same subject before the campaign is over.

The next meeting of the Lyceum will be held on Thursday evening, Aug. 27, in the same hall. For further particulars, also free tickets of admission, apply, by mail, to the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 194 Dearborn avenue.

BRITISH BRUTES.

How Dennis Dowling Mulcahy, Irish Patriot, Was Treated By His "Civilized" English Jailers After Conviction.

Fed On Rotten Soup, In Which Were Found the Entrails of a Mouse—Forced to Quarry Stones While Spitting Blood!

When the government struck down the Irish People, it determined that the men responsible for the publication of that paper should not be free to run such another seditious organ for many years. O'Leary, Kickham, Luby, the editors; James O'Connor, the bookkeeper, Rossa, the canvasser, Haltigan, the printer, had all been branded with the broad arrow of the convict, when the sub-editor, Denis Dowling Mulcahy, was placed at the bar. He was a young medical student, a native of Tipperary, who, when the fire of Fenianism had entered his blood, devoted all his energies to the spread of the organization, and forsook his studies readily to help on the cause of freedom. Nagle, the stock witness of the Crown, was the chief person who gave evidence against him, and, on the usual verdict being returned, he said:

My lords, several persons have been tried since the opening of this Special Commission. They were supplied with copies of most of the documents which were to be produced in evidence against them. When they came to this bar, they were fully aware of the charges they had to meet. I was arrested on the 28th of September last. I asked for the information on which I was arrested. There was none to be produced to me. I was thrown into a cell and left there for twenty-four hours. I was brought before a magistrate; I was committed, or rather remanded. I was brought up again. I asked to be shown the evidence upon which I was arrested or remanded, but there was not a single tittle of evidence to be produced to me. I had nothing but the simple statement of the magistrate, 'Sir, I shall remand you for a week.' I, therefore, expected nothing, but to be taken by surprise, and to be dealt with in the arbitrary manner in which I have been treated. In Luby's case the attorney-general stated that he had documents which proved so overwhelmingly the existence of this conspiracy, that the jury who were empannelled should not try him, but convict him. We were deprived of our liberty, thrown into solitary confinement, and those against whom the same charges were made, that they were engaged in this conspiracy, were not allowed to speak one word to each other. According to my lord's observations, every man was held responsible not only for his own acts, but for the acts of his fellow conspirators, no matter at what time or place committed. I care very little for the treason-felony, but I conceive that my moral character has been assailed, and I do not wish that the imputations which have been made against me should go abroad on the wings of the press. It was alleged by Mr Barry in his ——

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—I have already told you that we cannot hear that.

Prisoner—Mr. Barry alleged that we preached the doctrines of socialism. I deny that; I deny the charge of assassination. I maintain that the doctrines preached by the Irish People ——

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—I cannot hear you further.

Prisoner—Respecting the charge made against me, I say that the doctrines put forward against me in that paper are put forward by John Stuart Mill, who is certainly as high an authority as you can find. As regards the evidence ——

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—The jury have determined upon that.

Prisoner—I want to show that there was nothing immoral in the doctrines preached by the Irish People ——

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—I won't listen to you.

Prisoner—I never yet knew a prisoner to hit on that happy phrase why sentence should not be passed upon him ——

The judge here repeated his previous warning, adding, I was further under the apprehension that you might give utterance to expressions which might coerce me to impose a severer sentence than the court intended.

Prisoner—I have been found guilty on insufficient evidence. It was not proved that I was in Clonmel. It was not proved that I acted as a Fenian. The attorney-general said something about being dupes of Stephens, Luby and O'Leary ——

Mr. Justice Fitzherald—I cannot allow this.

Prisoner—With regard to the connection between Stephens and Luby ——

The judge would not listen to that subject.

Prisoner—One of these letters was put in for the purpose of connecting me with Fenianism. There was not a single particle of evidence in the case to show that I knew anything of the acts of others. There was no evidence that I ever went to a drill-meeting; no single particle of evidence that I was at the meeting in Clonmel.

The prisoner then proceeded to point out discrepancies in Nagle's evidence, with a view to show that it was wholly incorrect. He asserted that Nagle's statement that he (prisoner) had given him a letter of introduction to John O'Mahony was false.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—I really must put a stop to these observations. You are simply wasting time.

Prisoner—All I have now to say is that the Irish People preached proper doctrines, and that I am proud of my connection with it, and with Stephens, Luby, John O'Leary ——

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—I have warned you of the consequences.

Prisoner—I am now prepared to receive sentence.

After sentence on Jan. 20, 1866, he remained in Mountjoy prison until the 10th of the following month, when he, with several of his fellow-conspirators, was transferred to Pentonville, where they were deprived of their flannels and subjected to that vigorous discipline to which we have already alluded. In May of the same year he was removed to Portland where the prison officials, after treating him with every indignity in their power, would seem to have connived at his murder. His miserable pittance of prison soup was made from the foulest meat, and was undrinkable; on one occasion he found the entrails of a fowl in the diet served up to him, and on another a mouse. Although suffering from blood spitting, and under the care of the assistant doctor during the whole period of his detention at Portland, he was kept at hard labor in the quarries dressing stones. So notorious was this fact that the prison authorities found it impossible to clear themselves before the Devon commission, who, in their report presented to parliament, stated that having regard to the nature of the work upon which Mulcahy was employed, and to the occurrence of blood-spitting, "we cannot consider that he was fit to be continued at hard labor, or that due care and caution were exercised in his regard."

A writ of error having been moved for in his case in the Dublin courts, he was sent back to Mountjoy on Nov. 15, 1865, and, after remaining there for about three weeks, was sent to Millbank. He was re-transferred to Mountjoy in January, 1867, and, when his presence was no longer required in the Irish courts, was sent back to Millbank, whence he was transferred in the following month to Dartmoor. In the latter prison, although again suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, he was reported by the medical officer as fit for hard labor, and in the discharge of his duties was compelled to carry slabs of stone on his back. This latter fact the governor of the prison attempted to deny before the commission, but the commissioners found the allegation fully corroborated." It is worthy of note that the memoranda which the medical officer took of the state of Mulcahy's health at Dartmoor could not be produced before the commission, as they were "accidentally mislaid." At last, when his death seemed inevitable, the case was reported to the directors, and he was invalided to Woking prison in May, 1867. On his release Mulcahy, like most of the other prisoners, chose the United States as the land of his exile. There he completed his medical studies, and rose rapidly in his profession. He is still alive, and has not lost hope for the cause for which he has suffered.—Irish Weekly Independent.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Parnell Council, I. N. A.

At a regular meeting of Parnell Council No. 26, I. N. A., held on Aug 2, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, The sentence of the notorious adventurer Jameson is but one more illustration of English justice to an Englishman guilty, in the judgment of all civilized men and nations of the most heinous offenses—gross violation of international neutrality laws—a freebooter and would-be murderer, impelled in his designs by the basest motives—hope of reward by plundering and pillaging the residents of the Transvaal republic. This Englishman is begged from the gallows, which he so richly merited, by his government, and according to English law for Englishmen, is sentenced to a few months' imprisonment, as a first-rate prisoner, not to enjoy the luxuries of a dungeon cell or a plank bed, but simply to rest and recuperate in order that in his next raid he may better serve her most gracious majesty's government; therefore, be it

Resolved, That as this is justice to an Englisman guilty of the most heinous crimes, that in the name of that justice, in the name of humanity we demand the unconditional release of the Irish political prisoners whose only crime was that of loving and serving their country.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

A Correspondent Dwells Upon the Causes That Have Left Some Members of Our Race Open to Adverse Criticism.

Brief Historical Review of the Untoward Surroundings of the Irish People Under British Rule.

[*To the Editor.*]

Not long ago THE CITIZEN published an editorial commenting on an article, written by a German-Catholic editor, and published in a popular monthly magazine. The article complained of dealt wholly with Irish character in America, and treated the people of that nationality as incapable of any higher mental exertion than what is required to manage a saloon, become a ward politician, a brawling police-court lawyer, or some other position of a like nature where the peculiar temperament of the Celt can best display itself. The Celt, it went on to say, is seldom found in the higher professions, or managing large business interests; and the reason for it all, may the Lord forgive us, is that we are very lazy, and dislike the severe study and years of preparation necessary for such callings. Unfortunately, among people who ought to know better, there are many who view us as the offending German does; not from a historical or a truthful standpoint, but from a prejudiced and consequently unreliable one. While they willingly admit that effect follows cause in the development of other peoples' character, they fail to see that the character of the Irish people is operated on in the self-same manner.

What is creditable in some people is regarded as reprehensible in the Irish. Our character is merely glanced at. The dark and the weak spots are pointed out; always pointed out, while the good traits, which we undoubtedly possess, are barely recognized. It does not require great depths of learning to know that this false view of us is nothing more than one of the far-reaching results of English misrepresentation. If is effect following cause. Very likely the reader has at some time walked along the banks of a river towards its source. He may have noticed that while most of the stream was clear, a streak of dark, impure water kept flowing onwards with what was pure. As he advanced, the streak of dark water only grew darker. He was approaching the cause. Sometimes it was cattle cooling themselves in the stream; sometimes it was a tree that had fallen in, and the water rushing against it had stirred up the impurity at the bottom; sometimes it was the banks wearing away. In any case, the cause had been reached, and beyond it the stream became pure again, and flowed peacefully between its primrose studded banks.

Well, let us travel backward along the troubled stream of Irish history. It is dark, God knows, in many places. Nowhere is it more dark and desolate than at the awful penal period. Perhaps if those good bodies who are always picking flaws in Irish character would keep the penal days in view, they would no longer wonder at certain traits in our character. Were it not for their deep and intense Catholicity their proud spirit, which persecution could not subdue, and the high-born hope and determination to be free at last, the penal code would have made of the Irish people the most degraded of any on earth. Such indeed was the avowed purpose for which it was enacted. People who would deny to the Irish people genius like that of Edmund Burke, and are always alluding to him as a "profound British statesman," may have their "British" feelings badly ruffled at what this "British" statesman says of that infamous code: "It had," he says, "a vicious perfection. It was a machine of elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." He lived when the full fury of the penal laws was let loose upon the unhappy land. He knew that for years to come the Irish character, wonderfully buoyant as it is, would droop beneath the baleful influence of this inhuman code. Long years afterwards when Thomas Addis Emmet was brought before the King's Privy Council for examination as to the objects of the United Irishmen, he told them among many other things that the miserable system under which Ireland had been governed down to their time was responsible for the poverty and ignorance so common among the people; that while education was fostered in England it was forbidden by what was called law in Ireland, and that it would take Ireland at least fifty years to recover from the evil effects of that wretched system.

Indeed, he might safely have doubled and trebled the half century mark. At the close of a century which we boastingly call great, how stands Ireland's condition? No one, unless wilfully blind or prejudiced, would attempt to deny that the curse of the penal days is upon us yet. Would to God that we could forget and blot out the past, that we could, in the eloquent language of the present Chief Justice Russell of England, "draw the veil of oblivion over bygone years." But you cannot. It is a melancholy fact that Ireland's present unhappy condition cannot be explained or understood without going deeply into the past." A physician must first get at the seat of the disease before he can treat his patient. Old bandages, painful though the operation be, must be taken off. And surely Thomas Davis did not exaggerate when he wrote:

"A stranger held the land and tower
Of many a noble fugitive;
No Popish lord had lordly power,
The peasant scarce had leave to live;
Above his head
A ruined shed,
No tenure but a tyrant's will—
Forbid to read,
Forbid to plead,
Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile—
What wonder if our step betrays
The freedman, born in penal days."

It is only a little more than a century since the worst features of the penal code were in operation. Fear and fear alone made England stay her hand. Fontenoy struck home. She was a coward then. It was policy to deal softly with the outlawed papist now, at least for a time, so priest hunting and croppy hunting, and the hunt for the teacher ceased for a while. But the cruel laws were only held in check, as bloodhounds are held by a leash. England's danger passed; her star rose again, and again was the smell-priest, the informer, and a brutal, vulgar aristocracy—devilish progeny of the penal laws—let loose upon prostrate, beaten Ireland. Her sorrow was approaching its flood tide. "Be generous in your hour of triumph," writes Chamberlain to the President of the Boer Republic the other day. Ah, when was England generous in her hour of triumph? Ireland's cup of sorrow was now overflowing. The bravest and best fled from the land. The armies of Spain, France and Austria profited by the exiles, just as America profits by the emigrant from the same shores today. Too often they faced each other on rival battlefields. The lot of those who remained behind was hard indeed. The wealthy soon sank to want. The proud ancient possessions were gone, or had sunk to a condition of miserable tenancy, and a brutal, vulgar upstart aristocracy filled their places.

"Remember," said one of the noble house of O'Connor to his sons—he had become a tenant-at-will upon land that was once his own—"remember, that while you were born the children of a prince, you are now the sons of a plowman." Nothing that could impoverish the people or degrade them was omitted. "Gentlemen," said William III—a curse upon his name and memory—addressing a deputation of English woolen merchants, who called to complain of the difficulty they had in selling their goods because of the superiority of the Irish article—"gentlemen," he says, "I will do all in my power to discourage the woolen manufacture in Ireland." Well, he kept his word much better than he kept the Treaty of Limerick. Remote as the cause may seem, Ireland is suffering today from the violation of the same treaty. Had its conditions been observed, how different would have been Ireland's after history.

Let us turn from this dreary period. We have been following backwards the stream of Irish history. Let us now turn back upon our steps and see if the cloud time are not wholly obliterated. Education has accomplished much, to be sure, but the opportunities for acquiring a higher education are greatly restricted. It was Thackeray, I believe, who wrote: "When you give the Irish people a system of education they will work out their own freedom." Have we done so? Well, partly. The penal code is responsible for the priest in politics. The poor soggarth gave his life and his all for the people and the land he loved so well. Doomed to perpetual exile; the hangman's rope awaited him if he returned and was caught. Bravely he risked everything. Better, at least seemingly better, days dawned upon Ireland. The priest came forth from the cave, the deep glen, and his hiding-place on the bleak mountain side. The people got leave to live. Gradually the priest became a political leader. He had endeared himself to the people, and they willingly followed his leadership now. The union came, and some of its strongest supporters were the Catholic bishops and archbishops. The English serpent, Pitt, charmed them. Thirty dreary years were to pass away before Pitt's promise, Catholic emancipation, became law. "Castle Cawtholics" became very numerous about this time. Poor slaves, they were content to wear their chains in secret. The year '48 came and went. Oh! the wonderful vitality of the Irish people. The rank and file were ready for the fight as of old. But the people that should be there—where were they?

The year 1867 came, and the martial blood of Ireland was bounding again. "You can work out your freedom, and be within the law," said the timid ones. Ireland accepted the trial. Agitation began, and many remarkable characters came to the surface. Foremost among them was one, half English almost by education. He knew the English people well, and compelled them to listen to him. They feared and hated him, but this only endeared him to Ireland's heart. He was greater than any of the agitators. The order to destroy him went out. The divorce court with its nasty disclosures came. The English pharisees held up both hands in pretended horror. The dirty dogs! Catholic Ireland was appealed to. "Don't throw me to the English wolves," cried the poor fellow. He knew the nature of the Saxon animal. He had broken no faith with Ireland. His moral lapse did not in the least blacken them. This did not avail anything. The sour-faced, psalm-singing, canting hypocrites wanted him out of the way. Loudest in the cry for his destruction was a grand old humbug.

T. J. F.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Monroe Council, I. N. A.

The next meeting of Monroe Council, I. N. A., will be held on Friday evening, Aug. 14, at their hall, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue.

HORRIBLE WRECK.

Terrible Disaster Overtakes an Excursion Train.

IN COLLISION WITH AN EXPRESS,

Fifty to One Hundred Persons Killed and Wounded—Twenty-seven Dead Brought into Atlantic City on One Relief Train—New Horrors Found Every Moment by Those Searching for the Victims—Engineer Dies with His Hand on the Lever.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 31.—A railroad accident horrible in its details and sickening in its results occurred last evening just outside of this city, and as a result about 100 persons are either killed or injured. The Reading railroad express train, which left Philadelphia at 5:40 o'clock last evening for Atlantic City, crashed into a Pennsylvania railroad excursion train at the second signal tower, about four miles out from here. The Pennsylvania train was returning to Bridgeton with a party of excursionists from that place, Millville and neighboring towns. It was loaded with passengers and a rough estimate of the killed and injured at a late hour places the number at 100. It is hoped that this is an exaggeration, but the number is undoubtedly more than fifty.

Drove Right Through the Excursion.

At the second signal tower the tracks of the two roads diagonally cross. The Reading train was given the signal, but it either failed to work or the speed of the express was too great to be checked in time. It caught the excursion train broadside and ploughed through, literally cleaving it in twain. The engine of the Reading train was shattered to pieces. Every car was jammed to its fullest capacity. As soon as the news reached Atlantic City the utmost consternation prevailed. Relief trains were dispatched to the scene, loaded with cots and bearing staffs of surgeons. As quick as the bodies were recovered they were carried into the local hospitals and undertakers' shops. A general fire alarm was sounded and the department promptly responded and aided in the heart-rending work of digging for the victims.

Twenty-seven Dead on One Train.

Fear grew into despair and horror as the vigorous work of the relief gangs revealed the awful extent of the disaster. The first Reading relief train bore into this city twenty-seven mangled corpses — men, women and children. The next train, not [illegible] later, carried fifteen of the maimed [illegible] and two of these died soon [illegible] city. As train after [illegible] and [illegible] hoped from the cab an instant before the crash. Almost at the same instant the engine cut its way through and caught him directly in its path. His body and that of Farr were found under a heap of debris, but the engineer lay in what remained of the cab, and his right hand still clasped the throttle. He had been faithful unto death, and met it at his post. The fireman on the main had leaped a few seconds before and escaped with trifling injuries in juries. Samuel Thorne, baggagemaster on the Reading train, is among the dead. James M. Bateman, a Bridgeton undertaker, is known to be killed.

He was in the third car, and his hat was found lying among the mass of broken timbers. Richard Trenchard, a Bridgeton machinist, and his wife are both dead. As time progresses it seems almost a certainty that fully fifty persons were killed. Conductor Kelly, of the Pennsylvania train, had both legs and arms broken, and was internally injured.

NAMES OF THE KNOWN DEAD.

Fifty-three Persons on the List of Wounded, Many Very Badly.

The names of the known dead are as follows: P. S. Murphy, Millville; J. D. Johnston, Bridgeton; Charles D. D. Beauseghea, Bridgeton; G. B. Taylor, no address; P. H. Goldsmith, Bridgeton; Samuel Thorn, baggagemaster of the Reading train, Atlantic City; D. E. Wood, shipping clerk, Philadelphia; John Grieser, Bridgeton; Charles Eackler, Salem; Charles McGear, Bridgeton; Franklin Dubois, Woodruff; Mrs. Joshua Earnest, Bridgeton; middle aged woman with ring, "S. to V." initials; small boy about 4 years of age; Frazier Bell and wife, Bridgeton; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Trenchard, Bridgeton, identified by their nephew, Thomas W. Trenchard, city solicitor of Bridgeton; Edward Farr, engineer of the Reading train.

Seventeen unidentified women, four men, and a female child, all dead, were brought to the excursion house after midnight. Fireman Kelley, of the Reading train, was fatally injured. It is said that the Reading signal was displayed and that the whistle of the train was sounded. The Reading has the right of way at the crossing. The excursion train bore five tribes of the Order of Red Men—the Bridgeton, the Niagara, the Iowa, the Ahwantenah and the Cohansice—with their wives and children. The wounded number fifty-three, of whom the greater number are severely injured, and several fatally.

The ringing of the fire bells gave the Atlantic City public the first intimation they received of the disaster. The utmost excitement prevailed. The board walk was deserted and the crowds that surged about the two railroad stations rendered the streets in those sections almost impassable. Mrs. Edward Farr, wife of the Reading engineer who was killed, when informed of her husband's tragic end threw up her hands with frantic shriek and fell dead at the feet of her informant.

North Dakota Populists.

FARGO, July 31.—The Populist state convention nominated R. B. Richardson, of Pembina, for governor, and a full state ticket barring those places left for the Democrats. Mrs. Eisenhuth was nominated for superintendent of public instruction by acclamation. After finishing its business the convention adjourned to meet at Grand Forks, Aug. 12, the date of the Democratic state convention.

FOUR STORMS AT CINCINNATI.

Queen City of the West Glad She Isn't a Second St. Louis.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 3.—Many people here yesterday visited the scenes of the hurricanes of Saturday in the northern suburbs. The public did not know what a narrow escape the city had. With four distinct storms, the wind blowing sixty miles an hour, and a rainfall of two inches within two hours, the weather bureau men say the city was fortunate in escaping with only property damages. The storms unroofed hundreds of buildings that were occupied, but all the buildings demolished were either old structures, barns and sheds, or buildings in process of construction. Some congregations held services in new locations yesterday owing to damages to their churches, but the general opinion expressed everywhere was that of thankfulness that the situation here and elsewhere in Southern Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky was no worse.

The only death reported was that of Charles Boune, who picked up a telegraph wire that had blown into his yard on the Carthage road. The wire crossed a trolley that was also blown down. John Hammer, of Covington, Ky., also picked up a wire and was unable to release himself. His condition is still doubtful. Among the others who are prostrated from lightning shocks are: Taylor Greenwald, Mrs. Oliver Greenwald, Mrs. A. Ritchie, Harry Marschmeier, William Ziser, John Holinger, Edward Chagger, Miss J. Deere, John Brinker, Edward Staggemiller, John Scharrid and Miss Nellie Finan.

The lightning struck hundreds of places in and about the city. Hundreds experienced severe shocks who were not prostrated. Quite a number of horses were killed in stables that were struck by lightning or blown down. During the storm the suburbs of Madisonville, Oakley, Norwood, Hyde Park, Clifton and Mornington suffered most. Numerous houses in process of construction in these suburbs were blown down, and many houses which are occupied were damaged. There was also much damage done in Kentucky, across the river.

CRASH ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Engineer Killed, Mail Clerk Fatally Hurt and Several Others Injured.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Aug. 3.—Two passenger trains on the Illinois Central met in a head-on collision just east of Birkbeck, west of Clinton on the Springfield division. As a result one man was almost instantly killed, one fatally injured, and a number of others injured, some of whom may die. The trains usually meet at DeWitt, but a change had been made. It appears that Conductor Castle, in changing engine crews, neglected to turn the orders over to the new engineer. The trains met at full speed, both being wrecked.

Engineer Charles Birchnaugh was crushed to death in his cab. Mail Clerk Baker was fatally injured. Seriously injured, some of whom may die: Engineer W. Evans, Brakeman John Lovell, Fireman O. McAvoy, Fireman S. B. Swarthout, Express Messenger S. Y. Naylor, Baggageman Timothy Duke, and Express Messenger M. W. Davis. Swarthout, who was fireman of the dead engineer, saw the approaching train and jumped. He was badly hurt, but will probably survive. A number of passengers were slightly injured.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

NAPERVILLE, Ills., July 31.—The races yesterday closed the eighth annual tournament of the Illinois Firemen's association. The championship coupler's badge and $10 was won by Charles F. Boettger, of Naperville, in 0:04 3-5; Booth, of Sheffield, second; Seepe, of Peru, third. In the novelty coupling contest Charles F. Boettger and William Willis, of Naperville, won first prize in 8 seconds; Weiler and Beaver, of Mount Carroll, second in 0:08 3-5; Seepe and Schreiber, of Peru, third, in 0:09 3-5.

Mount Carroll won the championship hose race in 0:37 2-5, their third victory, which gives them the perpetual championship; Naperville second, in 0:37 4-5. Championship hook and ladder race—Polo, 0:34 2; Dixon, 0:35 1-5; Savanna, 0:35 1-5. In this race George Stevens, of the Savanna team, was seriously injured by falling, and both wheels of the truck passing over his body.

In the championship hub-and-hub hose race Mt. Carroll beat Naperville in 0:28 2-5 seconds. Dixon defeated Polo in the championship hub-and-hub hook and ladder race in 0:29 4-5.

DEATH IN A SCUFFLE.

Chicago Man's Neck Broken While in a Friendly Match.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—A scuffle between two friends ended fatally for Fred Bleven in the Congress hotel, 318 State street Sunday night. He was thrown to the floor by John McMullen, a friend, and his neck was broken, causing almost instant death. Bleven and McMullen were employed by the Thompson Ice Cream company, and both occupied rooms at the Congress hotel. Sunday evening Bleven went to McMullen's room, where the latter was entertaining several friends.

Shortly before 10 o'clock McMullen and Bleven began a playful scuffle for the possession of a bamboo cane. They tugged and struggled for the stick until they reached the hall outside McMullen's room. Here the latter gave a vigorous jerk at the cane and at the same time tripped Bleven, who fell forward and landed on the floor with his head against his chest. The full force of the fall was on Bleven's head, and it caused his neck to break.

No Bail for G. P. Crabtree.

CAIRO, July 30.—The remains of L. N. Coffee, who was stabbed and killed by G. P. Crabtree Sunday night, were buried at Blandville, Ky., yesterday. The coroner's jury has rendered a verdict as to the cause of Coffee's death to the effect that it was unjustifiable homicide, and Crabtree will be held in the county jail without bond until the next term of the circuit court unless he asks for a writ of habeas corpus.

Illinois State Charities.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 3.—The quarterly report of the state board of charities shows the number of inmates in the thirteen state charitable institutions to be 9,745. Total cost to the state for maintenance $83,425; average cost per cap. a for maintenance, $37.11, a great decrease over last quarter.

Cylinder Head Blew Out.

ROCKFORD, Ills., July 30.—Joe Clemens, of Pittsburg, Pa., was fatally injured and Albert Buske, of Rockford, badly scalded by the blowing out of a cylinder head while the new city lighting plant was being tested yesterday.

Appointed to Succeed Coffee.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 31.—Governor Altgeld yesterday appointed William P. Boyd, of Arcola, member of the state board of pharmacy, to succeed Dr. I. N. Coffee, who was murdered in Cairo a few days ago.

His Murderer Is Unknown.

DECATUR, Ills., Aug. 3.—The verdict in the inquest on the body of Walter G. Carlisle, murdered in a mysterious manner in a Wabash box car, was that Carlisle was killed by parties unknown.

Striking Miners Return to Work.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 4.—Two hundred striking miners at Barclay returned to work yesterday at the operators' prices, 82½ cents per ton.

State Notes.

A mastodon's tooth, seven and a half inches long, has been found at Warsaw, Ills.

Fifty guests of the Pfeiffer hotel at Edwardsville, Ills., barely escaped being cremated by a fire which broke out at 2 a. m. The hotel was destroyed.

Arthur Hendrix and Otis Hunt, aged 14 years, of Cisco, Ills., decided that home life was tiresome, and last Tuesday they took horses belonging to their fathers and started out into the world. Diligent search has failed to find a trace of them.

Charles Strong, the divine healer of Rockford, Ills., has succeeded in restoring the sight of Mrs. N. Hill, of that town, who has been blind in one eye for eight years. The feat has caused a sensation in the town, where the patient is well known.

GREAT ROYAL RACE.

Regatta of the London Yacht Club Draws a Big Crowd.

COWES, Isle of Wight, Aug. 3.—The regatta of the Royal London Yacht club Monday marked the opening of the Cowes week of 1896. There are fewer yachts flying the stars and stripes in these waters than in 1895. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York were present on board the royal yacht Osborne. The Duke of Sparta, heir-apparent to the throne of Greece, and the Duchess of Sparta are guests of the queen at Osborne, and Prince Charles and Princess Maud of Denmark are expected here during the week.

Britannia, Ailsa, Caress and Satanita started in the race for yachts exceeding forty-rating for a prize of £50 for the first yacht and £35 for the second, course from Cowes, round Warner lightship, Calshot lightship, East Lope buoy and back, twice round to complete the total distance of fifty miles.

Cuban News via Madrid.

MADRID, Aug. 1.—The Rodrigues column of Spanish troops, it is announced here, has defeated the Cuban insurgents under Arbolay, in the Cienfuges district of the province of Santa Clara. Arbolay and forty-seven of his followers were killed and many of the enemy were wounded.

HAD A CLOSE CALL.

Miss Virginia Fair Narrowly Escapes Being Drowned.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 1.—Mrs. Virginia Fair, daughter of former Senator Fair of California, narrowly escaped drowning Friday. She went in bathing at Bailey's beach for the first time this season. Miss Fair swims well. People who were watch

MISS VIRGINIA FAIR.

ing her say that she was about to dive from a raft when she slipped, lost her balance and fell. Her head struck the edge of the raft and she was stunned for a moment. The surf was heavy and the undertow stronger than usual. Miss Fair, almost senseless, was being carried out when the life guard caught her and took her ashore. She was taken to the villa of her sister, where she soon recovered.

ACCIDENT ON THE CHUTES.

Four Young People Killed by a Collision Near Knoxville, Tenn.

KNOXVILLE, July 31.—A terrible fatality occurred at Lake Ottozee, a summer resort five miles from this city, yesterday afternoon. A Sunday school picnic was in progress and the recently erected "chutes" were doing a good business. As one of the boats came down the chute, having aboard thirteen small children, a row boat crossed its path as it struck the water and four occupants of the row boat were killed or injured.

The dead are: Charles Petry, aged 17; Walter Wright, aged 21; Miss Carrie Phibbs, aged 17. Miss Mary Foster, of Alabama, was injured and will die. Wright's body was terribly mangled and his neck broken.

Cool Phenomenon in July.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 1.—About sunrise there was a snow fall in Duplin county at Warsaw which continued ten minutes. It fell from a narrow cloud which extended from the horizon to the zenith. The flakes were small, but well defined. Hundreds of people witnessed the strange spectacle, unparalleled in North Carolina in July. The weather was not cool, although the air was fresh and there was a light breeze from the southwest.

1896	AUGUST.					1896
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DEATH OF ROBERT GARRETT.

One Time Controller of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway.

BALTIMORE, July 30.—Robert Garrett, formerly president of the Baltimore and Ohio railway, died at his cottage in Deer Park, Md., soon after 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Although Mr. Garrett had been a hopeless mental invalid for many years, it was not thought that his physical infirmities were such as to cause any immediate uneasiness upon the part of his friends. About two weeks ago, however, he began to fail and it was thought best to remove him from "Uplands," his country home, near Baltimore, to Deer Park, in the hope that the change of air and scenery would benefit him.

Monday his physical condition showed a marked change for the worse, and Tuesday his condition became critical. His devoted wife was with him when the end came, which was peaceful and apparently painless. The immediate cause of death is understood to be chronic nephritis, which he had suffered from for many years. Robert Garret was the son of John Work Garrett, who founded the Baltimore and Ohio Express company, the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph company, and was president of the railroad of the same name for more than a quarter of a century. Robert Garrett was born in Baltimore in April, 1847.

ALABAMA STILL DEMOCRATIC.

Populists Have Hopes, Though, If They Can Get a Fair Count.

MONTGOMERY, Aug. 4.—The size of the Democratic majority seems to be all that remains in doubt with regard to the result of yesterday's election. Because of the slow process of counting the votes under the new ballot law returns are necessarily slow in coming in, but there is no doubt of a complete Democratic victory. Incomplete returns from about half the counties so far received indicate Democratic gains in all but Mobile and Macon. "Johnson's majority is probably larger than that of Governor Oates two years ago, which was 27,000. I think we have the legislature by an increased majority." The foregoing is from a signed statement by Chairman Vaughn, of the Democratic state committee.

At Populist state headquarters the chairman was not on hand, being absent from the city. The secretary, Frank Valtselle, said: "We have received no returns whatever from the state. We feel that if fair [illegible] have had a fair count Goodwyn has won. The size of his majority would be governed by the number of votes the Democrats steal in the black belt. I am not prepared to give out my figures, but I believe we will carry eight counties which Oates got two years ago, and lose two which Kolb carried. We expect the horseback mails to show Goodwyn's election.

P. G. Bowman, another Populist, said he believed Goodwyn would have from 15,000 to 20,000 majority, but had seen no returns upon which to base his claim which was founded altogether on opinion.

WILL GO BACK ON THE SETTLEMENT

Cleveland Strikers Find That the Pith of the Trouble Is Left Out.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 1.—The strike at the works of the Brown Hoisting and Conveying Machine company will be renewed by order of the strikers' executive committee. The men find that the settlement effected by the state board of arbitration does not include recognition of authority of the union committees, nor the discharge of all non-union men, and on these points they will continue the battle. They are in an angry mood.

Trouble is almost certain to come, and the police will now use sterner methods than those recently employed. F. W. Buckingham, who shot over the heads of a crowd of strikers on Wednesday, was pursued from the works by strikers yesterday. They threw stones and he again used his revolver. No one was hit, however. The police then escorted him home.

HEAVY FAILURE IN CARRIAGES.

That of the Columbus Buggy Co., Involves Liabilities of $1,000,000.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 3.—The business world of this city was shocked Saturday by the announcement that the Columbus Buggy company, one of the oldest concerns of the city, had made an assignment. In the statement sent out the cause of the assignment is given as due to the general business depression, etc. The company employs about 1,000 men when running full force and about 600 were at work at the time the failure occurred.

Assets and liabilities will each approach nearly $1,000,000. This failure has included other cities. A dispatch from Kansas City says that the branch there of the Columbus Buggy company has been closed on a telegram from the head house in Columbus and has been placed in the hands of Paroline Peters.

Died Hurrahing for the Kaiser.

BERLIN, July 31.—A dispatch received here from Chefoo says that the commander and crew of the German third-class cruiser Iltis which was lost in a typhoon on July 22, about ten miles northward of the Shan-Tung promontory, sank with hurrahs for Emperor William on their lips.

Failure in Wheels at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 31.—The Jenkins Cycle company, with a factory at 18 and 20 Custom House place, made an assignment in the county court yesterday for the benefit of its creditors. The assets are scheduled at $100,000 and the liabilities at $77,000.

THE DEATH RECORD.

E. N. CHAPIN, pioneer Iowa editor, at Marshalltown, Ia.

JOHN A. JACKMAN, noted railway man, at Bloomington, Ills.

Colonel CALVIN F. BURNES, well known banker and financier, at St. Joseph, Mo.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 29.

Three men attempted to hold up a street car at Cincinnati, but were beaten off by the conductor and motorman.

Mrs. Kate Byron, aged 23, and William Zelhmann were both killed by the heat at St. Louis.

The Grant memorial at New York city has at last been completed.

Attorney General Ketcham, of Indiana, has sued the Adams and American Express companies for unpaid state taxes, and has asked for the appointment of receivers for the companies.

L. G. Clark has sued the city of Chicago for $100,000. He claims that he suffered that amount by reason of failure of the city to improve land near his property.

G. A. Hobart is an active golf player.

N. K. Fairbank has served notice of appeal from the judgment for $16,963 recently awarded against him in favor of David Belasco.

Rev. G. E. Scott, of Waterloo, Ia., who eloped with Daisy Dorlan, has been sent to jail in default of $2,000 bail. It is rumored that he will be examined by the commissioners of insanity.

Gas exploded in the colliery at West Bear Ridge, Pa., instantly killing William Quinn and Michael Bazzle.

Thursday, July 30.

Miss Lizzie Sushane, aged 56, of Northwood, Ia., became suddenly insane on a train near Janesville and had to be committed to the state asylum at Mendota. Religion was her mania.

Mrs. Julia Vollmer, of St. Louis, expired in convulsions as a result of the heat.

Charles Corey and Miss Kate Filmann of Boston, were drowned in the Niagara river near Grand Island. They were to have been married shortly.

Major William C. Moreland, ex-city attorney of Pittsburg, Pa., convicted of the embezzlement of city funds, has been sentenced to pay a fine of $30,000 and undergo three years' imprisonment in the Riverside penitentiary.

Actress Martha Schaffer, known as "Minnie Raymond," has sued Franklin B. Wallace, formerly of New York, but now of Helena, Mont., for $50,000 for breach of promise.

Near Richmond, Tenn., a farmer named Haley shot and killed his wife, then shot himself and finally cut his own throat.

Friday, July 31.

William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, will be in Chicago on or about Aug. 10, and his presence will be made the occasion of a great silver Democratic demonstration in that city.

Samuel S. Richards, 61 years old, one of the most notorious hotel thieves in the world, was arrested in the Hotel Marlborough, New York city, while attempting to rob a room occupied by George S. Dayton and wife.

Mayor Josiah Quincy has issued an invitation to Li Hung Chang to visit Boston as its guest while on his coming visit to the United States.

Two Tyroleans, Alois Weber and Louise Wirth, who were deported last April from Ellis island, are in New York again. When asked how they got there they said they arrived by way of Montreal.

The Italian armored warship Roma, of about 5,800 tons displacement, was struck by lightning and caught fire. The flames spread rapidly, threatening to reach the magazine, and it was found necessary to sink the ship by discharging torpedoes at her.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

Ed Parry, sentenced to be hanged at Ava, Mo., for killing the Sawyer family, protests his innocence and has appealed to the supreme court. The hanging has been postponed.

Miss Esther Jacobs was given a judgment for $50,128 against Henry B. Sire, of New York, for breach of promise and it was paid and settled of record.

The body of an unknown sailor was found floating in the Calumet river, Chicago.

A meeting of the Salvation Army was held at Farris Wheel park, Chicago, after the regular vaudeville performance.

W. G. Marsen, grand secretary of the Foresters of America, jurisdiction of Minnesota, a criminal lawyer of Minneapolis, while on business of the order in Cedar Rapids, Ia., became violently insane probably from overwork. He was placed under restraint.

The Populist campaign in South Dakota was formally opened at Sioux Falls 1,000 persons listening to open air speeches by Senator Pettigrew, Judge Palmer and others.

Monday, Aug. 3.

During the month of March the national debt increased $10,687,829.

News from Marshall, O. T., is that W. A. Hempmeyer, a 15-year-old stage driver, has been arrested for robbing his own stage and mail. This is the robbery supposed to have been committed by the Doolin gang, lately escaped from jail.

A tidal wave five miles long ravaged the coast of Haichau, China, drowning 4,000 persons, so it is reported.

James Murphy and Stephen Garvey, two 'longshoremen, fought at pier 25, North river, New York city. During the struggle both men tumbled into the river and were drowned.

A kite was sent up 7,532 feet from the Blue Hill observatory, Boston. This beats the record 800 feet.

The Iowa state executive council has made a new levy for taxation, increasing it from 2.5 mills to 2.7 mills, increasing the total taxes for state purposes by $150,000.

The man who finds fault has discovered that the word "tranquillity" as it appears on the new $5 bills is lacking one "l."

TRAGEDY IN A CHICAGO STREET.

J. G. English, and His Sister, of Galesburg, Ills., Kill a Man.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—William Hawkins, of Burlington, Ia., was shot four times and fatally injured in front of McCoy's hotel by J. G. English and his sister, Nellie English. Esch fired two shots. One bullet entered Hawkins' mouth and carried away a portion of the jaw, another entered the knee, and two lodged in the body.

English was walking with his sister when they met Hawkins at Clark and Van Buren streets, and English, instantly drawing a revolver, opened fire. As Hawkins dropped to the sidewalk Nellie fired two bullets into the prostrate body. Hawkins was charged by English with deceiving Nellie, who lived at Galesburg, Ills. Hawkins is a bartender.

Now Let's Have a REST.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Young Cornelius Vanderbilt yesterday married, at the bride's home, Grace Wilson. There were few present, conspicuous by their absence being the members of the Vanderbilt family. Cornelius, Sr., objected to the marriage, so the papers say, because Miss Wilson is about ten years older than young Vanderbilt, who is about 20. After the wedding congratulatory cablegrams were received from the Prince of Wales, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The latter is a cousin of the bridegroom.

Kentucky Distilleries to Close.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 31.—The movement to secure a suspension of the distilleries of this state for eighteen months has at last been successful. The preliminaries were finished at a meeting of the companies Friday morning at the Union National bank. The agreement becomes effective at once. The only distilleries who refused to agree to a suspension are the Mutual at Uniontown, a spirit house belonging to Philadelphia dealers, and the Latonia at Millsdale, belonging to the American Spirits Manufacturing company.

Horses Ruined in a Wreck.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 4.—Four men and six race horses were injured in a wreck on the Big Four at North Indianapolis yesterday, the horses so badly that it is probable none of them will ever go on the track again. The men were not so badly hurt. One, Charles Brock, of Kentucky, received severe wounds, but will not die. The others were not severely injured. The horses belonged to J. E. Bush and they are May Queen, Hal Corker, Sally Bronson, King Henry, Minnie B., Defoe and Bustee. Their value is said to be $50,000.

Will the Queen Abdicate?

LONDON, Aug. 1.—There is no confirmation of the report that Queen Victoria will in the near future abdicate, which would put Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, on the throne. A good deal of credence is given to the report this time, however, because the queen's health is known to be not of the best.

Daring Voyagers Are Safe.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—The rowboat Fox, containing the two Swedish sailors, Frank Harbe and George Samuelson, who started from New York on June 6 last with the intention of rowing to Havre, France, arrived at Sicily islands Saturday. Both occupants of the small craft were in good health.

Flood Victims Float Down the Wabash.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 3.—The bodies of two dead people drifted down the swollen Wabash Sunday, attempts to catch them failing. They are supposed to be victims of the recent flood at some point north of this city. The skeleton of a woman was washed ashore on Wildcat creek, near here, Saturday. No one knows of any grave in that vicinity, and where the bones came from is a mystery.

Suicide of a Wealthy Man.

VAN WERT, O., July 31.—This community was deeply shocked Thursday by the suicide of Captain Shannon Lybarger, one of the wealthiest and best-known citizens. His body was found hanging in the barn on one of his farms about four miles from town. His children can give no reason, save that he was suffering from sickness and feared insanity. He was 54 years old.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.

Money on call easy at 2@3½ per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@7 per cent.; sterling exchange firmer, with actual business in bankers' bills 489@489½ for demand and 488 for sixty days; posted rates, 488@488½ and 489@489½; commercial bills, 487¼.

Silver certificates, 69@69½; no sales; bar silver, 69½c; Mexican dollars, 54½.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's registered, 112½; do. coupons, 113 extint.; 5's registered, 110½@1c. coupons, 110 extint.; 4's registered, 106½; do. coupons, 107½; 2's registered, 96½ ex-int.; Pacific 6's of '95, 103½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened 57¾c, closed 58½c; September, opened 58½c, closed 58¾c; December, opened 60¾c, closed 60¾c. Corn—August, nominal, closed 24¾c; September, opened 24¾c, closed 24¾c; May, opened 27¾c, closed 28¼c. Oats—August, nominal, closed 17¾c; September, opened 18c, closed 18½c; May, opened 20¾c, closed 20¾c. Pork—September, opened $6.27½, closed $6.35; October, opened $6.05, closed $6.05. Lard—September, opened $3.27½, closed $3.30; October, opened $3.35, closed $3.37½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14c per lb.; extra dairy, 13c; fresh packing stock, 7@7½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 10½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 8½c; spring chickens, 9@9½c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 8@9½c; geese, $4.00@6.00. Potatoes—Early Rose, 18@21c per bushel. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 6@6c. Blackberries, 50@75c per 16-qt. case; blueberries, 90@$1.00 per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 23,000; sales ranged at $3.70@3.45 pigs, $3.15@4.42½ light, $3.70@3.85 rough packing, $3.90@4.35 mixed, and $3.80@4.25 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 23,500; quotations ranged at $4.35@4.50 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.05@4.25 good to choice do., $3.80@4.00 fair to good, $3.40@3.75 common to medium do., $3.40@4.00 butchers' steers, $2.55@3.10 stockers, $3.10@3.70 feeders, $1.40@3.40 cows, $2.40@3.90 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.50@3.85 Texas steers, $2.80@3.60 western rangers and $3.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.10 westerns, $2.60@3.00 Texans, $1.75@3.80 natives, and $3.00@5.65 lambs.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Aug. 3.

Wheat—Cash white, 64½c bid; cash red, 64½c bid; August, 64½c bid; September, 64¾c; December, 67½c bid.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves or refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

What Is a Bull?

"A bull," Sydney Smith tells us, "is the exact counterpart of a witticism, for, as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real." I do not think bulls necessarily do that. When Sir Boyle Roche told the Irish house of commons that he wished a certain bill, then before that august assembly, at the bottom of the bottomless pit, he certainly produced a bull, and a very fine one, but as certainly his aspiration does not admit apparent relations that are not real. It appears to me that a bull may perhaps be defined—in so difficult and subtle a matter I don't like to dogmatize—as a real meaning. I observe in passing—and I hope I may not in so doing seem to be lacking in justice to Ireland—that the claim sometimes made on behalf of that country to a sort of monopoly of bulls is untenable.

Excellent bulls are produced by people of other countries. As, for example, by the Austrian officer mentioned by Schopenhauer when he observed to a guest staying in the same country house: "Ah, you are fond of solitary walks. So am I. Let us take a walk together." Or by the Scotchman who told a friend that a common acquaintance had declared him unworthy to black the boots of a certain person, and who, in reply to his remark, "Well, I hope you took my part," said, "Of course I did; I said you were quite worthy to black them." Or, again, by a well known English judge, who, when passing sentence on a prisoner convicted on all the counts of a long indictment, observed, "Do you know, sir, that it is in my power to sentence you for these many breaches of the laws of your country to a term of penal servitude far exceeding your natural life?"—Fortnightly Review.

Ancient Surgery.

Dr. Robert Fletcher in his "Anatomy of Art" and Dr. Luigi Sambon having shown conclusively that Greeks and Romans must have had a good acquaintance with surgery, it seems strange that in the mediæval European period there was dense ignorance and no skill in amputation. Sword and lance wounds were necessarily of constant occurrence then, and the treatment was merciless. It has been shown before how there was among primitive people a fair acquaintance with surgery and even a knowledge of the refinements of it, as in plastic operations. The discovery of a manuscript of the eleventh century shows us conclusively that among the Arabs and in Syria at the time of the first crusades there was a fair knowledge of surgery and that the Syrians held in poor estimation the Frank doctor. Osama tells how a knight was suffering from an abscess of the thigh and a woman from consumption. The Frank physician had the knight's leg put in a block, and it was hacked off with a sword. The woman was treated by having her hair cut and a cross cut into her skull. The knight died at once and so did the woman. Then the chronicler says that the Syrian doctor who had been called in left disgusted, having learned "more about Frankish medicine than he had ever known before."

A Round of Applause.

A good story is told of Mr. Albert Chevalier when as a lad he was playing an old man's part at the Gaiety theater in London. The Kendals were also in the cast. One night, at a critical moment, his cue entirely slipped his memory. Glancing toward the prompter's entrance, he saw Irving, Bancroft, David James and Miss Terry, all looking on. He was tongue tied, and for the moment his mind had become an absolute blank. Chevalier was greeted with a tremendous round of applause. Desperation turned to joy, and by the time the cheering subsided the forgotten line recurred to his mind, and from that moment he got on famously. When the performance was over, he anxiously awaited the Kendals' verdict. "You were a bit uncertain in your lines," said Mr. Kendal. "In fact, one time you stopped dead." "Yes," said Chevalier modestly, "but I was all right after I got that round of applause." "My dear youngster," replied Mr. Kendal, "that round of applause was given when the Prince of Wales entered the theater."—London Correspondence.

As Full as a Tick.

This expression is common enough in the North Riding of Yorkshire and always has reference to the parasites infesting dogs and sheep. Mr. J. Nicholson's "Folk Speech of East Yorkshire," 1889, has the expression, with the explanation, "A tick is a sheep louse, which has always a full, bloated appearance."

The west Yorkshire equivalent for this expression is "as full as a fitch"—fitch (vetch)—and the allusion is, I suppose, to the yield being too large for the pod or husk. The idea is pleasanter than either "tick" or "louse," and it has the advantage of alliteration.—Notes and Queries.

Speedy Recovery Sure.

He—I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart?

She—Oh, yes. Bind up the broken portion with a gold band, bathe with orange blossom water and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month.—Boston Traveller.

Worse and Worse.

Mrs. Brown—I have been so annoyed at my husband. He has been at the club every night for a week.

Mrs. Jones—Why, so has my husband, and he said he hadn't seen anything of your husband for a week.—Brooklyn Life.

Noah's Claim to Wisdom.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man?

Tommy—Noah.

"Noah?"

"Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Essequibo.

The finest river of British Guiana is the Essequibo, into which flow the magnificent waters of the Cuyuni and the Mazaruni, forming a confluence at Bartica point over four miles broad, the stream then widening out through its subsequent course of 60 miles into an estuary 20 miles from bank to bank. The Essequibo rises in the Acaroi mountains, 40 miles north of the equator, and tears a sinuous way through and down the terraced surface for a distance of over 600 miles. It is not navigable for steamers much beyond Bartica point, and the farther it is explored the higher, grander, more beautiful and more dangerous become the rapids.

One of its tributaries, the Potaro, which joins it about 150 miles from the coast, has a waterfall surpassing Niagara in height. This is the Kaieteur fall (the Old Man's fall, to translate the Indian name), which was discovered by Mr. Brown, who made a geological survey for the government a quarter of a century ago. At this point the Potaro falls over a sandstone tableland precipitously for 741 feet, and then over a sloping cataract of 81 feet into a great rocky basin. In flood time the width of the fall is about 370 feet and in the dry season 240 feet or less. "If," says Mr. Thurn, "the whole valley of the Potaro is fairyland, then the Kaieteur ravine is the very penetralia of fairyland."—MacMillan's Magazine.

A Child's Costly Caprice.

A bridge which the sultan ordered to be constructed in Constantinople was to have been finished by a particular day, but the contractor found that this would be impossible with Turkish workmen unless he worked day and night. This he obtained leave to do, and the necessary lights and torches were supplied at the sultan's expense.

All went well for a time till the unfortunate contractor was told that he must open the bridge to let a ship from the dockyard pass through some time before the building was finished.

He said it was impossible, as he would have to pull everything down, and it would take two or three months to replace the scaffolding and pile driving machines. But the ministers of marine and finance said, "If the sultan says it must be done, it must, or we shall lose our places, if not our heads."

So the ship came out, at a cost of a little over £100,000 and a delay of three months in the completion of the bridge, all because the sultan found his small son crying in the harem one day, the child's grief being that, though he had been promised to be made an admiral, he could not see his flag hoisted on his particular ship from the nursery window.—Constantinople Letter.

Lavinia Fenton as Polly.

Lavinia Fenton, who had undertaken the character of Polly in the "Beggars' Opera" for the remuneration of 15 shillings per week, suddenly found herself the most celebrated person in London. Her portraits were sold everywhere, her opera costumes copied by fashionable ladies. When she went nightly to and from the theater, a bodyguard of strong friends had to be formed to escort her, lest the fair damsel should be carried off by one of her many importunate admirers. Lavinia's musical success ended with the run of the opera—after which she retired from the stage—but not so the good fortune it had won for her. The Duke of Bolton was so fascinated by her charms as the saucy Polly that he made her his duchess after the death of his wife, from whom he had long been separated, whereby Lavinia became the first of the actresses connected by marriage with English nobility.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Waves of an Iron Bridge.

A train always exerts greater strain on an iron bridge when going quickly than when going slowly, but the difference in the strain depends on the structure of the bridge and is much more in some cases than in others. When the train goes over the bridge, it causes a wave to travel along the structure, owing to the elasticity of the iron.

That part of the bridge just in front of the train is raised a little, and the part under the train is lowered, so that each part of the bridge is successively raised and lowered as the train goes over it, and the more quickly the train travels the more sudden this will be, and consequently the more violent.

The strain produced will vary with the square of the velocity of the wave, so that the train will exert four times the strain when it doubles its velocity, and nine times when it triples its velocity.—Liverpool Mercury.

All He Was Fit For.

The American says that in an Irish court recently an old man was called into the witness box, and being old and a little blind he went too far in more senses than one, and instead of going up the stairs that led to the box mounted those that led to the bench.

The judge took his mistake good humoredly.

"Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?" he asked.

"Ah, sure, your honor," was the reply, "I'm an ould man now, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for."

Virginia's Spread Eagle.

Exactly overhead, strange as it may seem, on the highest spring of the arch of Virginia's natural bridge, is a figure of a gigantic spread eagle, proudly perched in the very position in which it is seen on the American coat of arms.

Misunderstood.

Customer—Do you keep the best makes of shoes here?

Dealer—Yes; our shoes are all A No. 1.

Customer—Then you can't suit me. I take B No. 5.—Boston Budget.

A German patent must be worked in that country within three years from its date or it becomes void.

The first lord of the British admiralty receives a salary of $22,500.

He Gave His Life.

The author of "Tales of an Engineer" pays a tribute to the memory of a man of his own craft who stuck to his engine, knowing that his death alone could lessen the danger of those in his charge.

The train had crossed a bridge and was approaching a tunnel, which, being on the shadow side of the hill, looked like a great hole in the night. Nearer the engine the engineer saw a number of dark objects scattered about. In another second he discerned what these were and realized an awful danger.

As he reversed the engine and applied the airbrakes he shouted to the fireman to jump. He might have jumped himself, for he saw the danger first, but no such thought came to him. In another second the pilot was plowing through a herd of cattle asleep on the track.

If they had all been standing, he would have opened the throttle and sent them flying into the river with less risk to his train.

But they were lying down, and as they rolled under the wheels they lifted the great engine from the rails and threw her down the dump at the very edge of the river.

But so well had the faithful engineer performed his work that the train was stopped without wrecking a car. Many of the passengers were not awakened.

The trainmen came forward and found the engineer. He was able to speak to them. He knew that he had but a few minutes to live and left a loving message for his wife. Then, as if he had nothing more to say or do, he closed his eyes, folded his hands over his brave heart and without a murmur, apparently without pain, died.

People Were Allowed to Look.

The late Lord Bath was one of the first territorial magnates in the south of England to throw open his country seat to the public. Visitors have been for many years past free to walk where they please about Longleat park—which is extremely beautiful and 16 miles in circumference—and to inspect the gardens and grounds, while boats are provided for them on the large lake, which is a notable feature in the domain. The interesting house, with its pictures, library and art treasures of every description, has also been open to thousands of visitors every year.

Longleat was built during the reign of Elizabeth, and the house has never been much altered in appearance, although all kinds of improvements have been carried out. The late Lord Bath built the stables, which are very fine. One prominent feature in the park is a wooded hill which, from the magnificent prospect which it commands, is known as Heaven's gate. The Bath estates in Somersetshire and Wiltshire were in very bad order when the late owner succeeded his father in 1837, but they are now in perfect condition in all respects, and there is not a single vacant farm.—London World.

A Shrewd Market Woman.

The shrewdness and loquacity of market women—a craft numbering more members in the old world than in the new—are proverbial, and the following anecdote in Mr. Doran's book on "Table Traits" bears witness to the justice of their reputation:

A member of the sisterhood in Bristol, England, had a £10 pound Bank of England note and wished to exchange it for gold, which was then at a high premium. Accordingly she entered a bank and made known her request, to be met with instant refusal.

The quick witted woman, without exhibiting any disappointment, thereupon asked the cashier to let her have ten of the bank's £1 notes in exchange for her Bank of Englander. The exchange being completed, the old woman, taking up one of the provincial notes, read aloud the promise engraved upon it to pay the bearer in cash.

"Very good," said she, with a chuckle, "now gi' me goold for your note, or I'll run to the door and call out, 'Bank's broke.'"

There was no resisting this appeal, and the market woman departed in triumph.

A Reason For Not Marrying.

Pretty Teacher (severely)—Did your mother write this excuse?

Bad Boy—Yes'm.

Pretty Teacher—Humph! It looks very much like one of your scrawls.

Bad Boy—Mamma wrote it; but, please, ma'am, she had sister Jennie on one arm crying with a bumped head and brother Willie on the other with a cut finger, and a lot of sewing on her lap, and she was rocking the cradle with her knees, and she had to write with her toes.

Pretty Teacher (in the evening)—I am very sorry, Mr. Poorchap, but I have changed my mind. I shall never marry.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Gigantic Advertisement.

Near Ardenlee, Scotland, there is a wonderful advertisement, made of flower beds. The beds are each a gigantic letter 40 feet in length, the whole forming the words "Glasgow News." The total length of the line is 123 feet; area covered by the letters, 14,846 feet. The advertisement is situated on the side of a hill, and, being of bright colored flowers, can be read from a distance of 4½ miles.—St. Louis Republic.

Impossible.

"Do I understand you to say that this man never made a statement that was not true?"

"That was what I said."

The questioner laughed long and loud.

"Impossible," he said. "Absurd! Preposterous! Why, he's a government weather prophet."—London Tit-Bits.

Crocodile Dying Out.

The crocodile is not as numerous in the Nile as he was in the days of the Rameses family—in fact, he rather shuns the river now below the second cataract, on account of the annoyances inseparable from tourist traffic.

His Nerve Saved His Life.

Len Henry, a well known pioneer, relates an adventure that is out of the usual order. He was traveling on a narrow trail above the raging Grande Bonde river when he came to a landslide about 20 feet across that left no trail or even a niche in the smooth, precipitous rock. The trail was so narrow that the horse could not turn back. He was trapped. Above the 20 foot break in the trail was a sharp crag of overhanging rock. On his saddle bow was a strong riata 60 feet long, and Henry is an expert in the use of it. He steadied himself upon the saddle, swung the rope over his head and hurled it high into the air. It settled firmly over the crag. He tried it carefully. It was firm. His saddle was a new and strong one, with double cinches. Around the horn he wound the rope. He urged the horse on to the edge of the precipice.

The faithful beast stood firm. He would not step over, but the rider drew up the slack and pulled with all his power. Inch by inch he drew the straining horse forward till his feet slipped, and he swung over the chasm. The rider held his breath as he looked at the river below and the slender rope above, but he was across the gap. He sprang up the trail and tugged at the reins to aid the horse in gaining his feet. He pulled, and the horse lunged up into the trail with the chasm behind.—Anaconda Standard.

Witnesses Who See Through Glass.

"It is curious," says a Maine lawyer, "how prevalent the notion is that a person cannot testify as a witness in court to anything seen through glass. 'What would you do with all the folks that wear spectacles and see everything through glass?' asked a Maine judge not long ago, referring to this notion. If the glass through which an action or event was seen was wavy, so as to distort the appearance of objects, that fact might nowadays raise a doubt as to the reliability of the evidence, but could not exclude it. The prevailing notion doubtless had its rise in very ancient days, when all the glass in use for windows was very much warped and blurred. Such glass may be seen—a single pane of it—in the office of the little hotel in Cambridge village, framed and kept as a relic. Where such material was in use it is little wonder that a witness was prevented from testifying as to what he saw through it. It was in common use in England at the time of the settlement of New England, and naturally in the early homes of this continent it was the best that could be had. But such a rule where modern glass is in common use would be nonsense."—Lewiston Journal.

Lord Palmerston and the Turks.

In regard to the Turks themselves, may I venture to observe that the genius of their manners and conversation is that of yielding everything at first? They begin by saying, 'Good; yes.' But when you come to the matter in question [illegible] to its details you will find all those [illegible] expressions mean nothing. Like an people in a weak position, they respect you according to their opinion of your force. If, however, you wish that force to have a permanent influence and to be unaccompanied by dislike, you must blend its exercise with justice; and, if you wish to arrive at a quick result through all that ambuscade of intrigues and doubts and fears and prejudices which will be sure to be secretly formed against it, you must tell the Turk what he is to do, why he is to do it, when he is to do it and show him that you only ask quietly and reasonably what you have a right to demand. In this way, and this way alone, you will do business with him. If he sees you act thus, he will not only agree with you, but rely upon you.—Lord Palmerston's Letters.

French as the Editor Knew It.

The editor sat in his snug office surrounded by all the conveniences and comforts that hedge editorial state. As he chatted with a visitor his pen idly traced the words "pants de suede" with great facility, and his face wore the most beatific expression.

"I didn't know you knew French," said the visitor.

"Well, I know those three words mighty well. I was once a proofreader on The Morning Breeze, as you know. Bramble Bros. sent in their Sunday ads. announcing an immense sale of 'pants de suede.' Unfortunately an imperfection in the paper turned a dash over the e into an i, and the compositor didn't do a thing but set up in flaming type, '100,000 pairs of pants de snide.' As proofreader I failed to catch the Franco-American joke, and my career trembled in the balance."—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Matter of Arithmetic.

"I hear you're very good at arithmetic, Bobby," said the visitor pleasantly.

"Sure," returned Bobby, without looking up from his play.

"Well, if I should tell you when your papa and your mamma were born, could you tell me how old they are?" asked the visitor.

"I could tell you how old pap is," answered the boy.

"And not how old your mother is?"

The boy shook his head.

"Arithmetic hasn't anything to do with that," he said.—Chicago Post.

A Jam of Mixed Fruits.

Very good jam can be made by mixing fruits, as raspberries and red currants, raspberries and gooseberries, and so on. Either apples or gooseberries mix nicely with almost all other fruits. The best way to use them is to make them into jelly, and add a proportion of this jelly to the other fruit while boiling.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The silver 3 cent piece, once familiar at the counters of postoffices, was authorized by act of congress March 3, 1851, and its coinage was begun the same year. Its coinage was discontinued Feb. 12, 1873.

A Dog's Attachment to a Cow.

A remarkable instance of affection between a dog and a cow is related by a suburbanite. His little black Scotch terrier became infatuated with a small Jersey cow in his neighborhood, and every morning he would run off to the pasture where his bovine sweetheart was kept. He would slip out the side way and walk along with the cow. He often missed his breakfast and often did not taste a mouthful all day. When she munched grass by the roadside, he patiently sat on his haunches until she moved along. Sometimes he was confined at home to break up the habit, but as soon as he was released off he would go at a full run for the pasture, singling out his love from the herd of cattle and following close at her heels. He would jump up, lick her feet and show signs of greatest joy when he came to her. While the cow on her part did not appear to appreciate his attentions she did not hook him away. Finally the family grew tired of keeping a dog that remained away during the day and only came home for his supper and to spend the night and gave him to persons living some distance in the country. The cow, who had never seemed to notice any of his demonstrations of affection, missed his companionship when he was gone. She would come to his former home at evening, put her head over the palings and low. She did this at intervals for several months.—Sioux City (Ia.) Tribune.

Good Advice to "Old Subscriber."

Once again I am compelled to impress upon my correspondents the necessity of brevity in their communications. For the benefit of those who may have a difficulty in condensing their observations I would suggest among other things the omission of preliminary flourishes.

It is gratifying to me to hear from every correspondent that he (or she) has been a diligent reader of Truth since its first number, that he regards it as the most valuable and influential of papers, that he has implicit confidence in my intelligence, judgment, sense of justice and desire to do the right thing, and that he comes to me with every expectation, etc., but with incessant repetition even this sort of flattery is apt to lose its flavor.

I reckon that if all the compliments were taken out of my letter box my daily reading would be shortened by at least two hours, which is the same thing as if one whole day per fortnight were added to my life. How many days, then, must be wasted in writing these compliments? For all our sakes, I beseech my correspondents to come to the point at once, and when they have stated it to sign their names and make way for somebody else.—London Truth.

Double Quick.

An ancient resident of Willowby, whose conduct in one of the battles of the civil war had brought him under suspicion of cowardice, was naturally indisposed to admit that he had played any but a manly part.

"I didn't run away and stay till 'twas all over; no such thing," he always affirmed. "I retreated in good order; that was all. 'Twas a time for retreating, if ever there was one, and accordingly I used my judgment and retreated."

This statement was regarded as more or less satisfactory up to the day when a military gentleman came to visit a cousin in Willowby, and in the course of a conversation held at the village store one evening heard the oft repeated explanation.

"Well, my friend," he said, looking steadily at the hero of the retreat, "you say you retreated in good order, but I should like to ask one thing. About how fast did you go?"

"Well," said the other man, surprised into telling the unadorned truth, "if I'd been at home and going after the doctor I reckon folks would have thought somebody was pretty sick."—Youth's Companion.

German Thinkers.

Other European nations will find it hard to bring their schools of philosophy to the level reached by the German thinkers. The contemplative turn of the Teutonic mind, the quiet habits of the national life, the very climate, all tend to develop that leisurely mode of thought which is part of the north German character and one of the greatest enjoyments known to its possessors. The French mind, quick as it is, and fascinating and prompt at grasping an idea, is too volatile, generally speaking, to the profoundly philosophic. But the German, who carries his native simplicity and good nature everywhere, even into the most elevated questions, allows himself to feel and think and grow poetic over everything.—Ernest Renan's Letters.

Big Parade In New York.

At Lincoln's funeral, April 25, 1865, there were about 15,000 soldiers in line; at Grant's funeral, Aug. 8, 1885, there were 13,500 in line, with 25,000 in the veteran and civic divisions. At the centennial parade, April 30, 1889, there were 50,000 soldiers in line, and at the Columbian parade on April 28, 1893, there were 12,000 men in line. At the Evacuation day parade, Nov. 25, 1883, and the Bartholdi statue parade there were fewer men in line.—New York Sun.

Johnny's Wail.

"Oh, no. There ain't any favorites in this family," soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no. If I bite my finger nails, I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think it's clever."—London Answers.

Others are affected by what I am and say and do—and these others have also their spheres of influence—so that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation of humanity.—Channing.

Women are more superstitious than men, and their superstitions generally relate to household or family matters.

High Priced Lozenges.

"The most expensive confectionery I ever saw was in a little Adirondack hamlet years ago," remarked a friend one morning. And he went on to tell the story. He was one of a party of sportsmen who had been after deer deep in the fastnesses of the Adirondacks. They were on the way out, and in the afternoon had to put up until next morning because the next stopping place could not be reached in the few remaining hours of the day. Some wicked person suggested that a game of poker would be a pleasant diversion, but they had no chips. The friend referred to rose to the occasion and purchased at the village store a bag of peppermint lozenges. Then he installed himself as banker and sold his friends the confections at 5 cents per lozenge. Quiet reigned, and the game went on. Presently the "banker" ate a peppermint. The example was contagious. The man opposite began to nibble a chip, and then, becoming absorbed in a question about the opening of a jack pot, swallowed the peppermint. Before anybody saw the joke a large number of chips had been eaten up, to the considerable profit of the "banker," who, of course, could not be expected to redeem chips which had dissolved and disappeared forever. The "banker" was all right. He ate from the bag.—Hardware.

A Reminiscence of Cardinal Manning.

One peculiarity he had. Many was the time in which together we had to write some letter, draw up some memorandum, decide in writing what we should do. Almost invariably, if the matter appeared of importance, he would prefer that, instead of endeavoring—one writing, both discussing—to arrive at what he wanted to say, we should, after talking it over, each retire to our corner—he usually to his den, I in the larger room—and each then and there write his draft. This done, the two papers were compared, and a give and take process setting in the final result would be a sort of conglomeration of the two. He wrote a beautiful, fine, small, distinct hand.

To me he had a sort of personal magnetism, a personal magnetism that I have only myself experienced with reference to one other man—Parnell.

Cardinal Vaughan's just and generous tribute to his illustrious predecessor may fitly end these reminiscences. "Of all the men I have known none ever appeared to me so completely absorbed in the idea of aiming at what was highest, noblest and purest. It was a sustained yearning after the true and the good, and this without effort, because it had grown to be the bent and tendency of his life."—Fortnightly Review.

Buried by Torchlight.

Allerton hall was upward of four centuries the property and residence of the Kitchingman family. It was the largest and most ancient mansion in Chapeltown, consisting of about 60 rooms, with gardens and pleasure grounds. The Kitchingman family for upward of 400 years were carried from this hall by torchlight to be interred in the choir of St. Peter's church in Leeds. At the interment of any of the family the great chandelier, consisting of 36 branches, was always lighted. In the year 1716 Mr. Robert Kitchingman died May 7, aged 100 years.

He ordered his body to be buried with torchlights at chapel Allerton. He was interred on May 16, when 100 torches were carried. The room where the body was laid was hung with black, and a velvet pall, with escutcheons, was born by the chief gentry. The pallbearers had all scarf, biscuits and sack; the whole company had gloves. Fifty pounds were given among the poor in the chapel yard on the day of his interment. Mary, his wife, died July 28, 1716, aged 97 years. She was interred precisely in the same way.—Annals of Yorkshire.

The Ring California Gave Pierce.

One of the most curious as well as most valuable of American rings was presented to President Pierce in 1852 by the citizens of California. It is of massive gold, weighing upward of a pound. The circular portion is cut into squares, which are embellished with beautifully executed designs, the entire group presenting a pictorial history of California. The seal of the ring is really a lid, which swings upon a hinge and is covered with the arms of the state of California, surmounted by the stars and stripes. Underneath is a square box divided by bars of gold into nine separate compartments, each containing a pure specimen of the varieties of ore found in the country. On the inside is the following inscription: "Presented to Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth president of the United States."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Lesson In Finance.

Light of the Household—Papa, what is them red, white and blue things mamma found in your pockets and calls chips?

Blushing Papa—Fiat money, my son, redeemable at the bank in gold, silver or paper. The system dates back to faro. You know his daughter found Moses in the bulrushes. Now run out and ride your bicycle.—Detroit Free Press.

Silk From Fish Eggs.

A French chemist has recently discovered that the eggs of a certain species of fish are enveloped in veritable silken cocoons. Since the learned Frenchman began his experiments in this line (in 1894) he has found seven different species of fish that produce eggs from which a fine quality of silk may be woven.

Flowers.

The instinctive and universal taste of mankind selects flowers for the expression of its finest sympathies, their beauty and their fleetingness serving to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language itself seems almost too gross a medium.—Hillard.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 8, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Chimes of Normandy."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE PASSING OF ORANGEISM.

More than seventy years ago, Ireland's national poet, Thomas Moore, deploring in his English home the factions that divided his native country, wrote thus of the Boyne Water:

Alas for her who sits and mourns
Even now beside that river,
Unwearied still the fiend returns
And loads his poisoned quiver.
"When will it end, ye powers of good?"
She weeping asks forever,
But only hears from out the flood
That demon answer "Never!"

According to recent advices from Ireland in regard to the 12th of July celebration—the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne—Moore was a much better poet than prophet. Orangeism seems to be falling into disuse—has grown rusty in fact. It is pretty difficult to keep up a boiling rancor over bloody events that occurred in the counties of Louth and Meath 206 years ago. "William and James are," indeed, "turned to clay," and nearly seven generations of Irishmen have lived and died since Sarsfield, retreating indignant from the heights of Donore, escorting the flight of James, exclaimed to a Williamite officer who taunted him, "Change kings with us and we'll fight you over again." We are, therefore, not surprised to find in United Ireland, of the 18th ult., the following in regard to "The Passing of Orangeism:"

"Amid many discouraging signs of the times in Ireland, there is one sign which Irishmen who love their country can contemplate with genuine pleasure—the gradual extinction of Orangeism. It is a good many years since this peculiar faction began to show signs of decay, but it has had the good or ill-luck of being given new life on several occasions by influences and events quite beyond its own control. In the seventies the Catholics of Ulster were foolish enough to think that a party procession was the best reply to a party procession, and for years the deplorable spectacle was seen on St. Patrick's Day and Aug. 15 of Catholics emulating the Orange displays, and answering the drum with nothing more conclusive than another drum. These senseless proceedings drew the waverers back to the Orange ranks, and made the Brotherhood again a formidable body. It must, however, be said to the credit of the Catholics that for the most part they gave up the party processions when they found more practical and more sensible work to do in connection with the Land League, and that those who still continued to defy the Orangemen up to 1885 took the advice of Mr. Parnell, given to them in August of that year, and gave up sectarian war cries and party processions for ever. The last Aug. 15 Catholic procession took place in that year in defiance of the Irish leader's wishes, but on the following St. Patrick's Day, if we remember correctly, not a Catholic drum was heard anywhere in all broad Ulster. Mr. Parnell had effectually and finally stamped out the disease, so far as the Catholics were concerned.

"And we have little doubt that by this time, but for great events which were now about to happen, Orangeism would have been practically dead in consequence. It would, indeed, have become blue-molded for want of opposition, and so have quietly passed into the lumber-room of history. But in this year, 1886, Mr. Gladstone proposed in the English house of commons to give Ireland a parliament; and lo! in a few months every dying Orange lodge in the north had wakened into life. Not the old life, however. Orangeism, in the stress of the new circumstances, found itself making the acquaintance of strange bedfellows. It was now in the same camp with the Presbyterian Liberals who had so long been its deadly enemies, and who for nearly forty years had been the allies of the Catholics. It was the beginning of the final end, for the new alliance took away all character from the order. In fact it began to become more and more of a political organization, and though the drums still beat in July, and the fifes still played, a close observer could see that the heart was going out of the old horse. There was another splutter of life when the second Home Rule bill was introduced in 1893, but the effect was short-lived; and now, in 1896, thinking over the celebrations of Monday and studying their inner significance, we see that for this historic and unique society, once so powerful, and always so interesting and amusing, the sad end, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans brains, sans the spark of life itself, is at last in sight."

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES' ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION.

The double anniversary of the splendid Irish victories of the Yellow Ford and Curlew mountains will be again celebrated, with all possible eclat, at Ogden's Grove, in this city, on Saturday, Aug. 15. Although the battles fought for Irish liberty against English aggression took place nearly three centuries ago, how brief a period seem those centuries when contrasted with the majestic antiquity of Ireland's history as a nation! So contrasted, O'Neill and O'Donnell seem men of yesterday! Our grandfathers fought for Ireland in 1798; their great grandfathers battled for her in 1691; and their grandsires triumphed for her in 1598-99! It was possible for the man who fought at Oulart Hill to hear the story of the Bridge of Athlone and the walls of Limerick from a participant in those famous events; and it was equally within the range of a hero of Limerick to have heard the story of the Yellow Ford from a man who had shouted, "Lamh Dearg Abuaid!" when Bagnal uttered his death cry, as O'Neill's clansmen swept his mail-clad legions from that well contested field.

There are men who sneer at such commemorations, and say they are useless. To what purpose then have heroes lived and died? The Highland Scotch celebrate the memory of Bruce, and the Swiss, after 500 years, revere the name of Winkelried. Why, then, should not the Irish honor the memory of O'Neill, the Irish Sobieski?

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago under the auspices of the United Irish societies, will assemble a week from today at Ogden's Grove, in crowding numbers, to commemorate the glories of their native country. Attorney-General Moloney will preside at the afternoon meeting, and the Rev. D. J. O'Brien in the evening. The speakers will be the Hon. Richard S. Tuthill, M. J. Doyle, of Michigan; Col. Marcus Kavanaugh and John F. Finerty.

A brilliant display of fireworks will conclude the exercises of the day. Nothing has been left undone by the committee to insure the comfort and pleasure of all who may attend the demonstration.

SCOTCH-IRISH LIARS AND JUGGLERS.

A writer in the Times-Herald of last Sunday week labored devotedly to make America seem under obligations to the ridiculously hyphenated "race" designated the "Scotch-Irish." We may mention here, for his information, that the first notice of these people, or alleged people, given in history is by Chaplain Story of King William's army, who speaks of the Scotch-Irish as despoilers of the slain at the battle of the Boyne, A. D. 1690. The Times-Herald contributor attempts especially to prove that McKinley and Bryan are Scotch-Irish, when the proofs are all the other way. McKinley is a distinctively Irish name, as Prof. John Rooney, and other men learned in Irish genealogy have shown, and Bryan's pedigree is thus set forth in the History of Marion County, Ill., where in a biographical sketch of the silverite candidate's father the following occurs: "Hon. Silas Lilliard Bryan was born in Culpepper county, Va., Nov. 4, 1822. His parents were John and Nancy Lilliard Bryan. His father was of Irish and his mother of English extraction."

We admire the Scotch-Irish and their boomers for one thing only—they are the most self-complacent fabricators that ever uttered word or wielded pen. Nothing disturbs their self sufficiency. They have erected a fetich and they will worship the double-headed thing to the end, lying barefacedly in the teeth of history and claiming as belonging to themselves historic personages, the living among whom ought to kick them for their impudence if they were not beneath contempt. These Scotch-Irish frauds and falsifiers may have a color of pretense for claiming such departed Presidents of the United States as Polk, or Pollock and Arthur—although we have ourselves heard the latter describe himself as the son of an Irishman—but there is no sense in claiming Grant, whose paternal grandmother was a Miss Kelly; or Jackson, who was Irish to the backbone, in every characteristic, and who, like most Americans of revolutionary antecedents, had no use for the Scotch in any form. Next to the Hessians, the Scotch troops in the British service were most hated by the American patriots; and it is well known that the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, contained the expression, in recounting the grievances inflicted upon the colonists by King George III, "he has let loose upon us Scotch and other mercenaries." Therefore, it is hardly likely that even Polk—certainly not Monroe—would feel like describing himself as Scotch-Irish by descent.

We cannot understand the mania these degraded people have for calling themselves Scotch-Irish. If it comes to a matter of comparison, the Irish, from a historical and political standpoint, are far above the Lowland Scotch, from whom the Scotch-Irish mongrels mainly claim descent. The brave Scotch Highlanders, who were sold out by the Lowlanders, have made ancient Scottish history glorious, but even some of the Highlanders sold their broadswords to the House of Hanover, and did England's dirty work with a will in America, India and Ireland. Some contemptible Irishmen sold themselves, too, but they were a miserable minority of the ever faithful Irish nation. Scotland sold herself to England for a few cartloads of gold, which were openly paraded through the streets of Edinburgh after the passage of the act of union with Great Britain. If any Scotchman doubts this, let him consult Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." The Scotch army—mainly Lowland, under Gen. Lord Leven—sold Charles I, who had taken refuge in its ranks, to the English parliament for its back pay, or £200,000. This transaction originated the couplet,

Shame on the faithless Scot,
Who sold his monarch for a groat!

Of course, there were, and are, many gallant and noble Scotchman, but the vassal Scotch "nation," as a political factor, is nothing to be proud of. It has sold its glorious history, its king and its name for English pelf. Since 1746, when the best and bravest of the Highland clans perished on Culloden Moor, the history of Scotland has been contemptible. Except in a local sense, the Scotch are more English than the English, and their reverence for the House of Hanover excels their former reverence for that of Stuart, and with far less excuse.

The Irish have been signally unfortunate. This cannot be denied, but, at least, they have been consistent, and have never ceased to struggle for liberty, in one form or another. A large majority of them have clung to the Catholic faith, and this is one reason why the "Scotch-Irish" dislike them. Always look out for the man who describes himself as having been "born in the north of Ireland," as if that fact vouched for his respectability.

Whatever the [illegible] country may claim for them, the Scotch-Irish in Ireland have produced remarkably few great men. Both the Anglo-Irish and the Milesian-Irish have left them completely in the shade. The most impudent liar of the "Scotch-Irish" cannot claim among the soldiers of distinction furnished by Ireland to various lands, Wellington, Marshal Lacy, Marshal Brown, Marshal Nugent, Marshal O'Donnell, Marshal MacMahon, Gen. O'Higgins, Gen. Phil. Sheridan, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Gen. Lord Roberts, and many others whose names will live forever on the long roster of military prodigies.

No man, except an inveterate liar, can claim either McKinley or Bryan as a Scotch name. There never was a real Scotchman named McKinley, and as for Bryan, with or without the "O," it has not even the suspicion of thistledown upon it, not to mention thistle thorns.

Bigotry, black, religious bigotry is at the bottom of the Scotch-Irish nuisance. If a successful Irishman happens to be a Protestant, even were his name O'Flaherty, he is immediately dubbed Scotch-Irish. And whenever a Catholic Irishmen has won immortality, as in the case of Phil. Sheridan, the knaves try to make him out Scotch-Irish.

We feel that it is only a waste of time to take notice of, or argue with, a set of unprincipled demagogues, but we could not refrain, for this time at least, from expressing our contempt for their dastardly flunkeyism.

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.

Lovers of the antique in Irish history are delighted with the discovery in a disused house at Turtestown, near Mullingar, county Westmeath, of an ancient map of Ireland. The workingmen made the discovery. An oblong box was found, which, when opened, was found to contain only a moldy and partly discolored roll of vellum. "A gentleman to whom the map was brought carefully perused the contents, and found that the vellum parchment was nothing less than a map of Ulster, bearing the date of 1607. The map seems to have been marked with wonderful care and exactness. The various centres of strife in the northern province as it then stood are set out, and 'vantage points for military operations with a wonderful minuteness. The appearance of the map and the marks of usage upon it would lead to the belief that it was first used by the army of Lord Mountjoy, after the battle of Kinsale and the retreat of Hugh O'Neill, and subsequently by one of the surveying parties appointed under James I. to apportion the confiscated lands of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. The territories of the ancient Irish clans, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the O'Dohertys, the MacMahons, the MacSweeneys, the Maguires, are shown on the map, while it also contains the sites of the principal fortresses, fortified towns and forts." If the map is dated 1607, it could hardly have been used by Mountjoy in his campaigns against Hugh O'Neil, as that mighty chief and able general surrendered his sword in 1603, immediately after the accession of James I. It may, however, have seen service in the brief but glorious war waged by Sir Cahir O'Doherty against the English about the period of its alleged date.

"ANGLO-SAXON" VERSUS CELTIC PUBLIC GRATITUDE.

"Gracchus," a writer in Reynolds' Newspaper, evidently himself an Englishman, calls his countrymen "an ungrateful people," because they have neglected the graves of those who struggled for the emancipation of the British masses from social slavery. The English, as a body, are not a sentimental race, chiefly, perhaps, because the aristocratic element has left the commoners nothing to be particularly sentimental about. Until within a very few years, the rank of officer was denied to the plebeians of England in either the army or navy. Even now when a man is promoted from the ranks his life is made a burden to him by the young, moneyed ruffians whose ancestors came over from Normandy as professional marauders and plunderers. The English populace has been criminal in its apathy, while the princes and the nobles, following out the Norman instinct, robbed every nation they could master, from Ireland to Burmah. And, it must be admitted, the English aristocrats have well rewarded the men who cut the throats and forced open the strong boxes of the conquered. Was mortal ever better rewarded than Wellington for his victory over the Hindoos at Assaye? We might go further back and instance John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, the greatest general and the greatest thief of his time. Blenheim house stands today a memorial of blue-blooded British gratitude to the plunderer of the army chest and the victor of Malplaquet. Then, there was Nelson—a most valorous bravo, who destroyed the fleet of peaceful Denmark, "on suspicion," and abandoned his beautiful and devoted wife to revel in the charms of a titled wanton.

These are only three great examples of the hundreds of military and naval captains who have been richly rewarded by the English crown and aristocracy, the British people concurring, during the last two centuries. For their estates, pensions and allowances, the British, and Irish people have been taxed, are still taxed, and will continue to be taxed until Trafalgar Square grows as red with the blood of the English aristocrats as the Place de la Concorde did with that of the French; and that will never be, because John Bull, whether bourgeois or Hodge "dearly loves a lord," and thinks a king, or queen, can do no wrong. We have no sympathy with the English masses in their misery, because they had no sympathy with us and ours in the day of our agony, except in cases painfully few.

The English, ever since the Norman conquest, have been a very heartless and wicked people. Their whole history is stained with lust and murder, and the greatest monsters that burdened their thrones, with the sole exception of Richard III., whose evil nature placed even Satan in eclipse, have been the most popular. All England, even now, is ready to kiss the feet of the Prince of Wales—a notorious gambler and roue, who has no hesitation in flaunting his putative mistresses in the face of his lawful wife—a woman entirely too good for such a graceless, if "gracious," reprobate. The English will worship any thing that wears a crown, especially if such wearer is shameless and immoral.

"Gracchus" should remember that the men he would have suitably commemorated had no use for the Prince of Wales, the Prince's mother or their kind. They endeavored to make men, free men, of the English clods of clay, but failed to breathe the breath of life into that inert and sodden mass. Tomorrow, if England called for volunteers to cut the throats of the Indians or the Irish, Hodge would furnish the material to do the butchering. But here is what "Gracchus" has to say, in part, on the subject of English ingratitude to the patriotic dead:

"Whatever good qualities the English working classes may possess, gratitude can hardly be said to be one of them. Scores of men who have devoted their lives to the cause of the people have been allowed to die in poverty. Their graves are neglected, if not utterly unknown. Some there are still living among us whose record goes back to the days of the Chartists or the old 'International,' and whose recollections include those of court house and prison cell. In what position are these veterans today? Are they spending the eventide of life in peace and comfort, surrounded by friends and honored by their fellow citizens? In a few cases they are in that happy condition, but many examples of the exact opposite could be discovered if inquiry were made.

"As an exception to this general rule of popular ingratitude, the Miners' trade unions must be singled out for honorable mention. To testify their appreciation of the character and services of one of their old leaders, they have put up the building known as Burt hall. When Mr. Nixon, who was for many years the president of the Northumberland miners, died the other day, the miners organized a funeral demonstration worthy of a cabinet minister. They have chosen five of their ablest men to represent mining divisions in the house of commons, paying them a respectable salary for the work they have to do. But if some of the miners' leaders have their lines cast in pleasant places, this only serves to emphasize the hard lot of other reformers. Bradlaugh's life was one long struggle against debt. Nearly all the veterans of the Chartist movement died in needy circumstances. One of them who died last year was actually in receipt of parish relief. Lovett would have starved if it had not been for the generosity of Sergt. Parry and a few other friends. When £10,000 a year was offered to Ernest Jones if he would retire from political strife, he refused. Did the working-class ever attempt to compensate him for this and a hundred other sacrifices? Where is his monument? Where are the statues of Feargus O'Connor, Bronterre O'Brien, Sir Charles Wolseley, or Samuel Bamford?"

After dwelling on some other cases germane to the question, "Gracchus" proceeds thus:

"On the other side of the English Channel things are managed differently. The Frenchman believes it to be his duty every 14th of July to unveil a statue to some revolutionist, and many of the streets of Paris are named after men who fought for the people's cause. It will be rightly said that this is an outcome of national, rather than working-class, feeling. We may learn from it, then, the necessity of establishing the English movement for social reform on a broader basis. But even in connection with struggles that are not yet supported by the majority of the nation, the French are more alive to the necessity of showing political gratitude. This is strikingly exemplified in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where the wreaths of immortelles still hang from the wall where the Communists were murdered a quarter of a century ago. The annual visit paid to the grave of Blanqui is also a manifestation of sentiment that has no counterpart in England.

"It must be admitted that the Irish, like the French, are free from this charge of forgetfulness of past services. Here again you have a national rather than a class movement. The circumstances attending the deaths of Daniel O'Connell, Butt, Parnell, and some others were gloomy enough, but the Irish have not failed to make clear to the world their undying regard for the memory of these patriots. The O'Connell monument in Glasnevin is worthy to compare with the columns erected in London to Nelson and the Duke of York. Parnell received a substantial testimonial in his lifetime, and his grave is now the Mecca of the Irish race. Smith O'Brien and several others are honored by statues in Dublin. With the exception of Bronterre O'Brien, almost every celebrated Irishman has been commemorated in some form or other, and many of those now living—Michael Davitt and James Stephens, for example—have been honored with public testimonials. To Robert Emmet there is no monument. 'Let no man write my epitaph,' was his dying request, which has to be observed by his fellow-countrymen until the day of freedom dawns for Ireland. When that time comes the embargo will be removed and the young martyr-hero's epitaph will be written in letters of gold.

"Energetic action counts for more now-a-days than sentiment; but one could wish the people of England were as alive to the dignity of their cause as the Republicans of France and the Nationalists of Ireland have shown themselves to be in the course of their long struggles for freedom."

The generosity of the Irish people is proverbial, but at times, and particularly in seasons of great national depression, they are apt to be thoughtless. We did not, as a race, do our duty by some of our great men during their lifetime. It is true that John O'Mahony was honored by a great funeral, but he was neglected, except by a few of his most intimate friends, during the closing years of his life in New York. John Mitchel never received during his lifetime the recognition he was entitled to from the Irish people. The same is true of Ireland's greatest modern orator, Thomas Francis Meagher. We could name other Young Ireland, and many Fenian, exiles, but it would do no good. We have also neglected our great writers to a culpable extent. Moore was compelled to make England his home in order to live and spread his fame. Mangan, who possessed a power of rhythmic expression never excelled, was a neglected genius. So also was Edward Walsh. We are not, as a race, entirely blameless, but, at least, according to English acknowledgment, we show up better than the English.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "SCOTCH-IRISH."

An Irish-American journal, published in Philadelphia, commenting on the Scotch-Irish fraud, wants to know the name of the original inventor of the term, thus:

"The term 'Scotch-Irish' is a felicitous epithet designed both to designate a singular people and to relieve them, in great part, of the odium generally supposed to attach to every person of Hibernian nativity or descent. Annalists have failed to record, for the information of posterity, either the name or lineage of its happy inventor. The doubtful honor has been often placed to the credit of that eccentric but benevolent and talented journalist, the late lamented Horace Greeley; but the expression may be traced, in the pages of our literature, as far back at least as the boyhood days of his grandfather, for Senator William Maclay, without apologizing for its novelty, employs the term in his diary, written during the gloomy days which introduced the first administration of President Washington. A little additional research could, doubtless, refer its origin to even an earlier time. Whoever the inventor, he has long reposed in an undistinguished grave, and his fate is a severe commentary upon the gratitude of the millions of Scotch-Irish who are at rest with their fathers, and the other millions still sojourning among us. Of those unborn we can predict nothing for some future antiquary may brush the debris from his unhonored resting place and a splendid monument may yet rise above his sacred dust. If, however, the combined labors of the antiquarian and the historian fail to identify his name or his grave, it is yet possible to dedicate to the memory of this 'Unknown Benefactor' some fitting monument of stone or bronze."

We desire to inform the Irish-American publication in question that the first mention of the Scotch-Irish occurs in Chaplain George Story's "Impartial History of the Wars in Ireland." In his description of the battle of the Boyne he says that the Scotch-Irish (italicized in the original) distinguished themselves by stripping the dead. Let the Scotch-Irish erect a monument of bronze, or brass, which would be more appropriate, to Rev. George Story.

NOTICE.

The officers of Irish and Catholic societies will greatly oblige THE CITIZEN by sending in their reports of society and religious events not later than noon on Wednesdays.

ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

[*To the Editor.*]

SUEZ, June 20, 1896.—As I shall in a few days set about making an attempt to join the Califa, I find great pleasure in writing you that I have hopes of meeting the Marquis de Mores if I am successful. For the past two days I have been receiving information which convinces me that the marquis and his companions are safe. I was greatly afflicted by the ominous reports and suffered the greatest despair, for I believed if nature made such a man as de Mores to be a failure, she was a failure herself and an enemy of all good purposes. Such thoughts impelled me to abandon all plans, convinced that to work for a noble cause was to become accursed because if France's best patriot were to be thus destroyed, it was certain that the race be represents is doomed to destruction.

I have news verifying the reports concerning the junction of De Mores' forces with forces friendly to the Mahdi, and their progress toward the dervishes' headquarters. Furthermore I am informed of the peril and expected demolition of Burn-Murdock's expedition. It is with joy I learn of the approaching crushing of the British, and I am convinced as completely as El Mahdi is, that England will be more severely dealt with throughout Egypt than her despicable ally has been in Abyssinia. The Egyptians and the English are the final plagues of Egypt. They are at the mercy of the just, and England's accursed pretense of wishing to evacuate Egypt before sending up this expedition will justify the Dervishes in exterminating the devils.

I hope to be among the first to reduce Cairo to ashes, as I have been among the first to make the mendicant Padisha, but half unworthy of his kiosk. England's right arm will be paralyzed before December, and Ireland may be at her throat even now without danger. The usurer trembles amid wealth plundered from the world.

The spirit of Mahomet rules the Eastern world in the person of the Mahdi. It is impossible to imagine the enthusiasm everywhere excited by his name and renown, and with the assistance of the most heroic of Frenchmen he will conquer wherever he may encounter the plunderer. Future despatches from the Soudan will put a peculiar grin on the faces of the British liars. Their triumphs so far have been massacres, so they may expect extermination in case of defeat. The boor blood in their bodies will shortly evaporate on the deserts, and their blizzard faces will disappear in the heat of hatred burning here against them. I must confess, if the other followers of the Mahdi will do as I do, the "Irish" and Scotch soldiers in the British army of Egypt will not be pitied. I yearn as ardently to stick a knife in the heart of the traitor as in that of his cowardly employer. The life of a slave is not worth bargaining for. The English massacre in the name of civilization; the Mahdi under the motto of extermination. Respectfully yours, D.

"I Have Had indigestion for several weeks. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and I procured a bottle, and it was doing me so much good that I used three bottles and was cured."—Mrs. Pratt, Oak Park, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, and October 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet (no charge) about western farm lands to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY MARAH.

Chains rattled, and she heard them,
Saw them with sad eyes,
Felt them, e'en as tho' they were
Her own galling ties.

Chains, iron, binding,
Round man's flesh and bone,
Wearing, e'en into his soul
So was evil done.

Chains—aye, Slav'ry's signal,
Fetters for man's limb
'Woke sweet pity in her soul,
And she pictured him

Bleeding, gasping, dying,
Panting in life's throes,
Knowing sorrow worse than death
In his living woes.

And she cried for "Mercy"
'Till by God's decree,
Scales fell from a Nation's eyes,
And blackmen stood free.

Negro, free, as white man,
Lifting eyes to God,
Never more to cringe beneath
Slav'ry's iron rod.

Aye, our Nation nobly 'rose,
From its vicious plight,
Holding high aloft its torch
Of replenished light.

"No more slaves forever,
All born equal free"—
Viva Right and Justice!
Viva Liberty!

Blaze, thou Torch of Freedom!
Blaze replenished glow,
Blaze forever 'round the name,
"Harriet Beecher Stowe."

Blaze! for thou'rt God's signal;
Blaze abroad His earth,
Filling vales with glory,
And men's hearts with mirth.

Blaze! for slaves are dead men;
And thy warmth is life—
Blaze! shed light where's darkness,
And of brotherly strife.

Blaze! where thro' long centuries
Tyrants have held sway,*
Blaze 'till all mankind see
The radiance of thy day.

*Ireland.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF TIMOTHY KEANE.

The following account of the funeral of Timothy Keane, whose death was announced in THE CITIZEN last week, is taken from the Daily Spy of Worcester, Mass, dated July 31:

"The funeral of Timothy Keane took place from 18 Pond street, Thursday morning. Requiem high mass was offered at 9 o'clock, in St. John's church, by Rev. C. M. Foley, who also officiated at the grave in St. John's cemetery. A delegation of fifty molders, of the Crompton loom works, acted as an escort from the house to the church, and from the church as far as Piedmont street on the way to the cemetery. Court Quinsigamond, F. of A., of which the deceased was a member was also represented by a delegation. The floral tributes included a standing cross from his former shopmates in the Crompton works, a pillow marked "60, F. of A.," from Court Quinsigamond, a wreath marked "Brother," and bouquets and cut flowers from friends. The pallbearers were Messrs. T. J. Sullivan and Louis Madaus, of the Foresters, and John Donaghue, Simon Mullaney, Jas. Burke and John Lester, of the Crompton loom works." The funeral was largely attended by associates of the deceased, many of whom are prominent citizens. His gentle disposition made him a favorite of rich and poor alike, and his name will be cherished by his companions in Worcester long after his spirit has passed away. Although absent for over eighteen years from his native village in Ireland, yet no where will his death be more keenly felt than among those who still reside there. May his soul rest in peace.

GEORGE WALLACE JONES.

Ex-United States Senator George Wallace Jones died at Dubuque, Ia., July 22. He was born in Vincennes, Ind., April 12, 1804. He attended Bishop Du Bourg's Catholic college at St. Louis under the guardianship of Henry Clay and William T. Barry, President Jackson's postmaster-general. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. His health broke down and he went into the wilderness near the present site of Dubuque. He engaged in the business of smelting lead. He left the wilderness to act as aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Henry Dodge, who was then fighting the Black Hawks. After the war he was elected colonel of the Michigan militia, and was later chosen chief justice of the territory, an office he held until October, 1835, when he went to congress as the last delegate from the Territory of Michigan. There he organized the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa from his own Territory of Michigan. After the admission of Michigan as a State Col. Jones was elected delegate from Wisconsin, and after Iowa had been made a State he represented her in the United States senate for twelve years. At the expiration of his term he was appointed Minister to Bogota by President Buchanan.

MR. MICHAEL M'CORMACK.

Mr. Michael McCormack, Sr., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John L. Kane, 1413 Buena Vista street, Nashville, Tenn., on July 21. A number of years ago he suffered partial paralysis. Age accentuated his infirmities, and his death was not unexpected. Mr. McCormack was 75 years, and had been a resident of Nashville since 1850. He was a native of Ireland, and in the years of his activity he was one of the most prominent Irish-Americans in Nashville. For years he was a successful merchant, being at one time engaged in the tea and coffee business. For more than ten years his infirmities have incapacitated him for active work. Mr. McCormack had many friends among the older residents of the city, and during his last days their interest was manifested in frequent visits and inquiries in regard to his health. He leaves the following children: Mrs. John L. Kane, Miss Maggie and Messrs. Michael, John J., Larry and James McCormack. All, except Mr. James McCormack, who lives in Memphis, reside here.—Nashville Banner.

MR. MICHAEL BURNS.

The announcement yesterday morning of the death of Mr. Michael Burns was not unexpected, but it called forth general expressions of regret. Mr. Burns had long been a prominent figure in the business and financial world of Nashville, and though he has lived in practical retirement for the past fifteen years, he is just as well remembered as in the days of his business activity. Universally popular, he left as many friends as any man who ever lived or died in Nashville. Since his retirement from active business pursuits, he has occupied his time in looking after the fire estate he amassed during his busy years. He gave much attention to public questions, and yet never sought office. The only occasions when he consented to run for office were when he was nominated by the Democratic party for the State Senate. He was elected by a good majority, and served with honor and distinction for the term of 1883–84, when he was chairman of the committee on banking. He was again a member of the Senate in 1889–90.

Born at Sligo, Ireland, in 1813, at the age of 9 he was left an orphan, and was apprenticed to a saddle maker. In 1831 he came to America with his employer, arriving at Quebec in July. Mr. Burns went to Montreal, thence to New York, and in 1836 came to Nashville, where he arrived late in the fall. Except in 1836 and 1837, when he lived at Jefferson, in Rutherford county, he has ever since lived in Nashville. In March, 1842, Mr. Burns married Miss Margaret Gilliam, and the same year engaged in the saddlery business on Market street with limited capital. Thrift and industry prospered him, and he added a coach and hardware department, and became the leader in his line of business. For the past five years Mr. Burns has been growing feeble under the weight of years, and this steady decline ended in his death yesterday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock at his residence on North High street. While arrangements for the funeral have not been made, the services will be probably held at the Cathedral, where he and his family have worshipped for many years. Mr. Burns' surviving children will all attend the funeral. They are Robert, James, and Ivo Burns, and Mrs. James Collins, of this city, and Mrs. Hamby, of Austin, Texas.—Nashville American, July 15.

THE VATICAN.

To the average stranger the Vatican suggests only the museum of sculpture, the picture-galleries and the Loggie. He remembers, besides the objects of art which he has seen, the fact of having walked a great distance through straight corridors, up and down short flights of marble steps, and through irregularly shaped and unsymmetrically disposed halls. If he had any idea of the points of the compass when he entered, he is completely confused in five minutes, and comes out at last with the sensation of having been walking in a labyrinth. He will find it hard to give any one an impression of the sort of building in which he has been, and certainly he cannot have any knowledge of the topographical relations of its parts. Yet in his passage through the museums and galleries he has seen but a very small part of the whole, and, excepting when in the Loggie, he probably could not have once stood still and pointed in the direction of the main part of the palace.

In order to speak even superficially of it all, it is indispensable to classify its parts in some way. Vast and irregular it is at its two ends, toward the colonnade and toward the bastions of the city, but the intervening stretch consists of two perfectly parallel buildings, each over 350 yards long, about eighty yards apart, and yoked in the middle by the Braccio Nuovo of the museum and a part of the library, so as to inclose two vast courts, the one known as the Belvedere—not to be confused with the Belvedere in the museum—and the other called the Garden of the Pigna, from the bronze pine cone which stands at one end of it.

Across the parallel buildings, and toward the city, a huge pile is erected, about two hundred yards long, very irregular, and containing the papal residence and the apartments of several cardinals, the Sistine Chapel, the Pauline Chapel, the Borgia Tower, the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, and the court of St. Damasus. At the other end of the parallelogram are grouped the equally irregular but more beautiful buildings of the old museum, of which the windows look out over the walls of the city, and which originally received the name of Belvedere on account of the lovely view. This is said to have been a sort of summer-house of the Borgia, not then connected with the palace by the long galleries.

It would be a hopeless and a weary task to attempt to trace the history of the buildings. The Pope's private apartments occupy the eastern wing of the part built round the court of St. Damasus; that is to say, they are at the extreme end of the Vatican, nearest the city, and over the colonnade, and the windows of the Pope's rooms are visible from the square. The vast mass which rises above the columns to the right of St. Peter's is only a small part of the whole palace, but is not the most modern by any means. It contains, for instance, the Sistine Chapel, which is considerably older than the present church, having been built by Sixtus IV, whose beautiful bronze monument is in the Chapel of the Sacrament. It contains, too, Raphael's Stanze, or halls, and Bramante's famous Loggie, the beautiful architecture of which is a frame for some of Raphael's best work.

But any good guide-book will furnish all such information, which it would be fruitless to give in such a paper as this. In the pages of Murray the traveler will find, set down in order and accurately, the ages, the dimensions, and the exact positions of all the parts of the building, with the names of the famous artists who decorated each. He will not find set down there, however, what one may call the atmosphere of the place, which is something as peculiar and unforgetable, though in a different way, as that of St. Peter's. It is quite unlike anything else, for it is part of the development of churchmen's administration to an ultimate limit in the high centre of churchmanism. No doubt there was much of that sort of thing in various parts of Europe long ago, and in England before Henry VIII, and it is to be found in a small degree in Vienna to this day, where the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire are not quite dead. It is hard to define it, but it is in everything; in the uniforms of the attendants, in their old-fashioned faces, in the spotless cleanliness of the Vatican—though no one is ever to be seen handling a broom—in the noiselessly methodical manner of doing everything that is to be done, in the scholarly rather than scientific arrangement of the objects in the museum and galleries—above all in the visitor's own sensations.

No one talks loudly among the statues of the Vatican, and there is a feeling of being in church, so that one is disagreeably shocked when a guide, conducting a party of tourists, occasionally raises his voice in order to be heard. It is all very hard to define, while it is quite impossible to escape feeling it, and it must ultimately be due to the dominating influence of the churchmen, who arrange the whole place as though it were a church. An American lady, on hearing that the Vatican contains eleven thousand rooms, threw up her hands and laughingly exclaimed, "Think of the housemaids!" But there are no housemaids in the Vatican, and perhaps the total absence of even the humblest feminine influence has something to do with the austere impression which everything produces.—"The Vatican," by F. Marion Crawford, in the August Century.

IRISH TECHNICAL TERMS.

For Use at Meetings.

[*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*]

The proscription of Irish during two centuries has had the result of preventing, to some extent, the retention or the acquisition of a technical vocabulary suited to many of the complex needs of modern life.

One of these needs is the conduct of meetings. While the Celtic social system prevailed in Ireland, public meetings were a fixed and regular institution, and so far as we can judge, they were conducted on a definite plan and with great attention to order and decorum. When the native system was overthrown, public meetings disappeared, to be revived in comparatively recent times on a totally different model. So far from adapting the Irish language to the use of meetings, some rare occasions excepted, our modern orators have agreed in holding that the speaking of Irish in any public gathering is a matter beyond average courage, if not altogether quixotic.

This is one of the ingrained customs hostile to the very life of our language, customs with which everyone who wishes our language to live must determine, so far as in him lies, to break deliberately, without postponement, without compromise. Let it be insisted on, in the name of patriotism, of common sense and of plain courtesy, that no audience containing a fair proportion of speakers of Irish shall ever be addressed, as heretofore, solely in English.

The vocabulary subjoined is chiefly designed for the use of indoor meetings and formal proceedings. To some extent it is merely tentative. A list of terms was first drawn up by Mr. J. H. Lloyd, and then submitted to a number of well-known scholars. The terms given below are mainly selected from those supplied by Rev. P. O'Leary, P.P., Castlelyons, county Cork, Mr. Owen Naughton, Galway and Mr. Thomas O'Flannghaile, London:

A meeting—The most general term is cruinniughadh, which means literally "a gathering" of any kind. More definite terms are tionól, a regularly convoked meeting; coimhthionól, a stronger form of the same word; dáil, comhdháil, originally meaning a tryst, can be applied to a smaller meeting than tionól; oireachtas, an assembly or congress.

A public meeting, tionól poiblidhe.

A general meeting, tionól coitcheann.

An ordinary meeting, tionól gnáthach.

A special meeting, tionól speisialta.

To call or hold a meeting, tionól do chur, tionól do ghairm. To call a meeting of the friends of the Irish language, tionól do chur ar lucht chosanta na Gaedhilge.

To postpone a meeting, tionól do chur ar athlá, ar cairde. In Munster, cur ar g-cúl is said; elsewhere cur ar gcúl means to abolish, in contrast to cur ar bun, to establish.

To take the chair, dul 'san gcathaoir (san chathaoir). To elect a person to the chair, neach do chur 'san gcathaoir. I beg to move that A. B. do take the chair, cuirim rómhaibh (cuirim i dtairgsin daoibh) go gcurtar A. B. 'san gcathaoir, go dteighidh A. B. 'san gcathaoir, go dtoghthar A. B. ina fhear chathaoireachta.

Chairman, fear cathaoireach, uachtarán tionóla, rialuightheoir.

Formal proposition, resolution, tairgsin, rún, urail.

I propose, cuirim i gcómhairle.

I beg to move, cuirim i dtairgsin.

I beg to move the following resolution, cuirim i dtairgsin an rún so; fuagraim an rún seo.

A motion, gluaiseacht.

It is moved by C. D., tá sé dhá chur (ar n-a chur) i dtairgsin (i gcomhairle, i nglualseacht) ag C. D., and seconded by E. F., agus dá chuidlughadh ag E. F., that, etc.; go 7c.

All who are in favor of this resolution say "Aye," gach duine aontuighess leis an rún sain abraidh sé "Biodh." To the contrary "No," i n'aghaidh sin, "Ná biodh." The Ayes have it, a lucht aontuighthe is treise. The Noes have it, a lucht diultuighthe is treise.

I demand a poll, iarraim cómhaircamh.

I demand a show of hands, iarraim tógbhail lámh.

A vote, guth, toll.

Act of voting, tolildheacht.

Voter, tolildhe.

Put it to the vote of the meeting, cuir fa thoil an tionóla é.

The minutes, an mhion-aithris.

I call on the secretary to read the minutes, léigneadh an rúnaidhe an mhion-aithris.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, do leigheadh mion-aithris ar an tionól roimhe agus do dearbhuighneadh i.

Does anyone object to the minutes being signed? an bh-fuil aon duine dom' chosg ar mainn do chur leis an mion-aithris?

The first item on the agenda paper is, an ceud ghnó ar an gclár inthe achta.

Order, riar, eagar, reidhteach. Riar implies obedience to law or authority. Eagar implies the systematic conduct of business. Reidhteach, the restoration of order, or making regular what has been irregular.

The proceeding is out of order, tá an gno mi riarach, ar mi-eagar, i n-aimhreir.

I rise to a point of order, fuagraim cáis (punc) eagair.

That is not a point of order, ní cáis eagair e sin.

The matter is entirely in order, tá an sgeul (an cáis) go fir-riarach.

The decision of the chair, breith na cathaoirleach, breith an uachdaráin.

I will take the decision of the meeting on the point, fágaim an cáis (an sgeul, an punc), fa bhreith an tionóla, an oireachtais.

I beg to withdraw the motion, gabhaim cead (ó'n gcathaoir, ó'n tionól) fa'n nglualseacht (tairgsin) do tharrang ar ais.

I move the following amendment to the motion, cuirim i g-comhairle an leasughadh so a: an nglualseacht.

I move that the motion be amended as follows, cuirim i gcómhairle go leasuighthear an ghluaiseacht mar leanas.

I move as an amendment that the following words be omitted, cuirim i gcomhairle mar leasughadh go leighthear ar lár na focail seo.

I second that amendment, cuidighim-se leis an leasughadh sain.

I have great pleasure in rising to support the amendment, éirighim go fonnmhar ag cabhrughadh leis an leasughadh.

Hear, Hear! abair é!

I now put the amendment as a substantive resolution, cuirim anois an leasughadh 'na bhunghluaiseacht.

I wish to point out that the wording of the resolution is out of order, budh mhaith liom a thaisbeánadh go bh-fuil foclughadh na gluaiseachta ar mi-réir, i n-aimhréir.

The minority, an laighead.

The majority, an mhórchuid.

The majority, meaning also as in English the excess of the majority over the minority, an bhreis, an bharraidheacht.

The meeting is adjourned till this day week, atá an tionól ar cáirde seachtmhaine: fuagraim go bhfuil an tionól ar cáirde go dtí seachtmhain ó indiu.

The meeting is dissolved, atá an tionól ar sgur.

FREE THE CAPTIVES.

VERE V. HUNT.

Yes, they lie in dark cells and in chains for us,
Those men who have sought hard to gain for us,
The freedom and light
That would come with the sight
Of old Ireland once free and restored to us.

Ah, yes, they fought and they lost for us,
And they paid, too, the terrible cost for us,
Their children and wives,
The light of their lives,
They left when the river they crossed for us.

Oh, Father, who liberty gave to us,
Who guided the steps of the brave for us,
Heed the tear and the prayer
To Thy trone that we rear,
For the heroes who fell in the fight for us.

Let our voices be heard all the earth around,
Let the tyrants tremble and heed the sound,
The outraged cry
That will never die
Till the captives are free on their native ground.

Oh, mother, that suckles that tender babe!
Oh, son, who stands by thy parent's grave!
Record a vow,
By all sacred now,
Ne'er to slacken your efforts our lost to save!

Pledge the babe to the cause of the great and true,
In the father's steps let the son step too,
And we'll ne'er forgive
While there yet shall live
A patriot whom Britain in dungeon threw.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Etruria arrived at New York Aug. 1, at 7 a. m.

The Umbria arrived at Queenstown Aug. 1, at 1 a. m.

White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York Aug. 5, at 7 a. m.

"The Arena."

The August Arena contains the first of a series of "Bibliographies of Literature, Dealing with Vital, Social and Economic Problems," which will fill a want long felt by students of social and economic problems. This first Bibliography deals with the Land and the Land Question, and is carefully compiled by Thomas E. Will, A.M., Professor of Political Economy in the Agricultural State college of Kansas.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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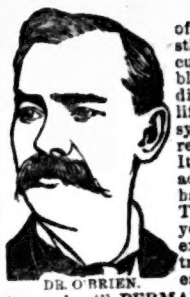
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RESOLVE

He kissed my hair — [illegible] that half'in the sun—
Bathed it in it [illegible] fingertips to wrist.
The warm [illegible] of [illegible] his lips' impress
Throbbed [illegible] now like the moment they were kissed.

The hand itself that [illegible] shall strive to be
Worthy its honor, and shall only write
Words consecrate to high and lofty life
From this time on — [illegible] of tonight.
—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

IN AN AFRICAN SWAMP

Behind the colonies and protectorates of Great Britain and France, which extend in a broken line along the west African coast, from the mouth of the Gambia to the Niger, lies a wild and little known region of swamp and forest, where but few white men have set their feet, inhabited by many negro races, differing widely in physique and language from one another. For the last three years strange stories have been brought down to the seaboard about the doings of an Arab chief called Samory. The latter, at the head of a large following of desperate men, outcasts from many tribes, Mandingoes, Jalufs, Sofas, Senegalis and deserters from both British and French native troops has made his name a terror throughout the "hinterland," sacking villages and carrying away the inhabitants into the far Sudan.

During 1893 he raided the eastern portion of Senegal, and the French lost a number of white officers in the hard fighting necessary to drive him out. More than once, too, they were badly beaten, for the assailants were armed with high class rifles, smuggled through from the coast in spite of certain clauses in the treaty of Brussels. In the latter part of 1898 this Arab leader induced the Sofas, a warlike tribe dwelling in the debatable land between the small British colony of Sierra Leone and the French territory of Senegal, to take up arms against the Europeans, and quite unknown to each other a British and a French expedition marched from differing points to attack him.

One afternoon at the end of December in that year a small British force, comprising detachments of black Mohammedan Haussas of the frontier constabulary and negroes of the west Indian regiment from Sierra Leone, stumbled through the dense forests of the Kongo country. The day had been intensely hot, for this is the dry season in west Africa. The tired troops dragged themselves painfully along, with a company of Krooboy bearers ahead, slashing a pathway for them through almost impenetrable thickets. At sunset they reached a small, clear space, surrounding a deserted village, and there, at the word of command, the wornout men were glad to pile their arms and prepare to camp.

A rough breastwork of brushwood was soon arranged in a hollow square, and throwing themselves down on the moist earth, amid the crimson shoots of trailing plants and flowers of many hues, the soldiers spread their simple meal, the tall Haussas in their crimson fez and dark rifle uniform separating themselves from the men of the west Indian regiment, for the latter profess a debased form of Christianity mixed with black practices, and the true Mussulman will not, if he can help it, eat with the infidel.

The young west Indian lieutenant on guard leaned against the great buttress shaped roots of a cottonwood, and as he mopped the perspiration from his brow and fought the bloodthirsty mosquitoes with both hands, said wicked things about the fate that led him into "this disthressful country." He was an Irishman, and when he abused things in general, as frontier officers occasionally do, the powerful eloquence of the Celtic tongue relieved his feelings best. From time to time he looked out into the darkness, but there was little to be seen; the shadow of the trees closed round the camp like a wall, and no sound other than the usual night voices of the African forest broke the stillness. From a hidden creek came the floundering and splashing of an alligator; at times the branches of the cottonwoods rattled as a monkey swung himself from bough to bough, or the rustling of grasses marked the passage of a huge snake.

The white man at last found the spell of the forest, which at times will cause a panic even among the natives, though no one knows why, creeping over him. His hands trembled as he settled the chin straps of his pith helmet. "Pah! how this night watching gets on one's nerves," he said; "it shows what the climate will bring a man to. Even the 'drip, drip' of the water there is enough to drive me mad— Hello!" He sprang back, with a hand on his revolver butt, as a dark figure rose up out of the bushes beside him.

"Sergeant Amun Sah," said a tall Haussa, saluting; "think there be Sofa man in the bush; monkey frightened live for go away, leopard live for go away too."

The lieutenant listened, while the veins tightened across his forehead, and something seemed to click beneath his right ear, and sure enough a rustling amid the trees announced the passage of a troop of monkeys, while the long howl of a leopard drifted down the night breeze.

A few moments later all doubt vanished, for a snapping of twigs and swishing of leaves told that a large body of men was advancing through the forest.

At the report of the lieutenant's revolver the camp awoke, and for a few moments, while the bugles rang out the alarm, there was a scene of wild confusion. Men still half asleep stumbled over one another toward the stockade. Officers ran here and there with sharp words of command, while the Haussa sergeants effectually aroused any laggards with the rifle butt. If the soldier was a west Indian, the hint was even more vigorous. Then out of chaos came forth order. Lines of men knelt beneath the brushwood screen, supporting their rifle barrels on the branches against the downward drag of the bayonet, while the colonel moved coolly up and down, revolver in hand, and saw that all was ready.

Just in time, for an outburst of howls and yells rose on the night air. A crackling blaze of rifle fire ran round the bush, and while the bullets sang overhead or ripped through the leafy screen a swarm of dark figures dashed across the open space toward the camp.

"Fire volleys by half comp'nies!" shouted the colonel as his heart bounded and the blood surged through his body.

"No. 1 Haussas—fire!" the voice of the constabulary captain sounded clear and distinct, and a blaze of light burst from one side of the stockade, while the crashing report of a volley rang out through the darkness. Before the sound had died away a west Indian lieutenant, farther off in the gloom, re-echoed the command, "A comp'ny—fire!" And a sheet of flame blew along the two ends of the square.

Before the almost simultaneous discharge the front of the attacking force melted away. Men lay writhing amid the wet leaves or crawled on hands and knees through the bush, but the Mussulman, with visions of black eyed houris and the tree of Sedrat before his eyes, has little fear of death; so with loud yells the foe spread out and at full speed made for the breastwork.

"Independent firing — commence!" roared the colonel, and after captain and lieutenants repeated the order, the Haussas, who, used to frontier warfare from childhood, think themselves marksmen, took snap shots at the flitting figures, but did little harm beyond clipping clusters of leaves from overhanging cottonwoods. Meantime the West Indians, who are accustomed to drill in battalions, and fancy they are quite equal to white infantry, after a desultory shot or two stood silent with bayonets at guard. Next moment the assailants swept at the defense only to be met by a glistening wall of steel, and for a short space both sides were locked in a deadly struggle, the officers working their revolvers until the barrels were hot, while the troops fired as fast as they could thrust in the cartridges. Nothing human could face the murderous rifle blast, and in a few seconds the foe broke away and fled to the bush.

For awhile the smoke hung heavily over camp on the damp air, then slowly melted away, and as the colonel recovered his breath he felt his wrist burned by the back spitting of his heated revolver.

"That was sharp work, lieutenant!" he said to the young officer of the west Indians. "We shall have breathing time now, and then they will come back. How have your men come out of it?"

"At least two dead, sir, and more wounded; but the Haussas got it worse than we did," was the answer as the colonel passed along the line.

An hour went by, minute following minute slowly—very slowly—as the shadows of the cottonwoods crept across the clearing, for the moon was sinking behind the western forests. The shimmering silver patches on the grass narrowed and shortened, but still much of the camp lay bright and clear in the light. Here and there a wounded Haussa moaned faintly as he struggled to repress a cry that would have been unworthy in a believer in the Prophet, while the west Indian, who possesses neither the resignation of the Christian nor the heathen's contempt of death, groaned over his hurts or hurled horrible curses at the heads of the invisible foe.

"Silence, men!" said their lieutenant sternly, while the constabulary captain smiled as he remarked: "Those fellows of yours are good to fight, but they have not the stamina of mine. The moonlight's going; still if these brutes come back they could pick us off man by man if they were only able to hit anything. As it is, we shall get it hot. The woods are full of them." Then he grasped the shoulder of his friend and thrust him forward into the shadow, as a line of flame burst out of the bush and a flight of bullets passed over the heads of the crouching men.

Without waiting for the word No. 1 company of the west Indians fired a volley, but as the smoke wreaths blew in the men's faces a mocking yell from the forest told that it had done no harm, while with a rattle the troops turned over the sniders to shake out the empty shells.

"Independent firing — commence!" the officers shouted, and the men, crouching beneath the frail defense of the breastwork, fired at the flash of their assailants' pieces, with probably little result, for the forest was dark, while the line of branches which defended the British front was clear and distinct and the blue barrels glinted in the moonlight. From behind every cottonwood root and wide baobab trunk bright gleams shot out. Every now and then a soldier dropped his rifle with a clatter and collapsed, a moaning heap, amid the wet undergrowth, until the men's hearts grew sick as they realized how they were at their opponents' mercy, and they longed for the dawn, when they should meet their skulking foe face to face.

It was one thing, the west Indians thought, to stand back to back and face any odds in the open, but to see a comrade by one's side loosen his grasp on his weapon and roll over, tearing at the leaves or lie still and cough away his life's blood and be able to do nothing but be still and bear it was a different matter. So the men fidgeted and muttered until the colonel realized that if this kind of thing went on much longer they would be beyond all control.

While the officers, with smoke grimed faces and dried up throats, walked up and down the line, exposing themselves recklessly to the desultory firing to encourage their men, there was a stirring in the forest, and presently in grim silence and spread out well the foe rushed toward the camp.

"Steady, men—steady—wait a little!" roared the colonel, as with overstrained nerves a few of the soldiers pulled their triggers and the bullets tore up the grass harmlessly a few yards ahead.

"A company fire—ready No. 2!" shouted the lieutenants, but the men were now past all control. They had comrades' blood to avenge and shouted and yelled as they thrust cartridge after cartridge into the chamber as fast as they could turn the sniders over. The fever of the fight was on them, for they now felt their time had come after the weary waiting.

"Meet them with the bayonet!" The colonel hardly knew his own voice, it sounded so hoarse and cracked. Then he gasped: "Good heavens! What was that?" For above the rattle of the rifle the words "Courage, mes braves!" rang out sharp and clear through the smoke.

Dropping his smoking revolver he sprang among his men shouting, "Cease fire!" But the hammering of the sniders drowned his voice and the acrid smoke choked him, and he stood in silent horror and watched the fight. It did not last long. The swarm of savages had not nerve to rush upon the unbroken line of flashing bayonets—they turned and fled from the impregnable breastwork. Then came the turn of the defenders, and with hoarse shouts the west Indians leaped over the brushwood and with dripping bayonets drove the foe through the forest.

The colonel sat down with his back to a tree, a horrible fear in his heart, and longed for the dawn as he had never longed for anything in his life. Fortunately there was not long to wait, for the suspense was deadly. The shadowy palm fronds sharpened into shape; a soft gray light, growing rapidly clearer, filtered through the overhanging branches and a broad crimson streak appeared over the forest. Then morning came suddenly, as it always does in the tropics. The colonel looked around. The enemy had gone, leaving only dead and wounded, but his first care was to see after his own men. Three white officers and a sergeant major of the west Indians had fallen at their posts, with faces toward the foe. Six privates were killed and a score were badly wounded, and the colonel groaned, as with dry lips and contracted brow he recognized the pity of it and the uselessness of this waste of life; for there was worse to come.

The bright sun rays fell on the scene of the fight, and the gloomy forest clearing became at once a place of warmth and light, but the space in front of the square was dotted every here and there with a rigid, motionless figure and the surrounding bushes were full of wounded men. For a few moments the officer hardly dared go forward and examine the slain, and when at last he slipped over the breastwork and stood over the quiet dead the sight was what he expected—they were not Sofas.

Many were naked savages, auxiliaries only, but ten of the chief assailants lay there, with distorted features, clad in the uniform of the French Senegalis. The colonel wondered who would be called to account for this night's work, but the crowning horror of the whole affair was reached when Haussas carried in a white officer and laid him on the dewy grass, coughing up gulps of blood.

He smiled as an Englishman raised his head and he saw the pitying faces bent over him, for the defenders had already solved the riddle, then gasped, "Helas, mes amis!" and swooned away.

A few drops of spirit were poured down his throat, and then after awhile the eyes reopened and he murmured the story how, deceived by a native chief, Koronah, he supposed the British force to be Sofas and did not find out the mistake until too late.

"There—there, that will do. Don't fret yourself. It's a ghastly thing, but it can't be helped. Take another drink and go to sleep," said the surgeon. The Frenchman swallowed a mouthful of the liquor, then his speech wandered and his eyes grew hazy. "Poor fellow!" said an English officer. "It's a gone case, but we must do what we can for him. Take him to the tent, sergeant."

It would have been an instructive lesson to the colored editors of the Sierra Leone journals, who are fond of declaiming against the "dissolute soldiery," to have seen an Englishman seated by the side of his late foe moistening the black parched lips from time to time and wiping the hot perspiration from the hot forehead. The commanding officer came round occasionally, and the last time the younger man raised his head for silence. "Hush! He's coming to," he said. The white lids opened and a faint smile shone in the tired eyes as the wounded officer raised his head. He stretched out a cold hand, which felt like ice when the Englishman took it.

"Adieu, mes amis—je vous souhaite un meilleur sort," he gasped, then broke off and choked. A stream of dark blood stained his white uniform and he sank back dead.

This mistake, caused intentionally by the treachery of Koronah, who was duly hanged for it afterward, cost the lives of four officers, who could be but badly spared, besides numerous privates and auxiliaries, and forms one of the dark pages in our west African history. Yet, although the details seldom reach the ears of Englishmen at home, the deeds of our frontier soldier officers, amid the dreary swamps and forests of the debatable land where our colonies abut on the wilderness beyond, are such that the nation has cause to be proud of them.

By hidden ambush, facing savage foes, or stepping calmly, man after man, into a dead comrade's place, so that the disease stricken station may not be left for a single day, district commissioner and soldier lay down their lives. When we hear of 11 officers dying, one after another, at the same post in nine months, and yet none hesitated to go, and of 3 men holding 800 savages at bay through a long night, it is not hard to realize that the west African legion of honor is a long one and that the supremacy of Great Britain in that fever haunted littoral is dearly bought with British blood.—Chambers' Journal.

THE LOVE OF GLOVES.

INTERESTING FACTS FROM HISTORY CONCERNING THEM.

Early Manufacturing Establishments. Rats, Dogs and Cats Furnish Materials For Glovemaking—Customs of Different Times In Which Gloves Figured.

Gloves are now worn indiscriminately by rich and poor and have no special significance excepting as a completing article of the toilet, much attention being given to their fit in case the wearer is a woman. Strangely enough, that which is regarded as a particularly nice effect in the fit of a woman's glove becomes a positive blemish when worn by a man, if indeed a man could be found who would wear a glove that was fitted to his hand without a wrinkle.

The antiquity of gloves reaches into remote ages. As early as in the reign of Robert III glove manufacturers were incorporated by charter in Perth, a guild being then established that still exists in name, although the town is not devoted now to the manufacture of gloves as a leading article of commerce.

A glovers' company was established in London in 1464, but was not chartered until 1683. In 1661 a company for the manufacture and sale of gloves was incorporated in Worcester, England, where the trade flourishes at the present time, the famous English "dogskin," made really from Cape sheepskin, and of a warm tan color, being unapproached in excellence by any other makers.

Paris is a glove market for the whole world. In the Swiss mountains kids are raised especially for this industry and great pains are taken to have the animals killed while the skin is fine and soft. Tanneries at Millau, Annonay, Paris and Grenoble prepare them for the stitchers. But there are not enough kids raised in France to supply the great demand for gloves, and the gamins of Paris find steady and profitable employment catching rats at the mouths of the great drains of the city to eke out the trade. Dogs and even cats contribute also, though supplying an inferior article of kid.

In ancient days a glove represented a contract or pledge, a substitute for the hand, being cast down by one contracting party to be taken up by the other. It also represented a challenge, to throw down the glove often being an invitation to mortal combat. At the same time to give an enemy a glove in a pacific manner was a pledge of faith, to break which was regarded as a crime. The borderers of Scotland were so particular about this use of the glove that when one of their knights broke faith with his glove keeper they proclaimed his perfidy by riding to appointment holding aloft a spear, from the point of which the dishonored glove dangled. And if the knight was slain by his own clan it was conceded to be a righteous punishment.

A fur lined glove worn by Henry VI is preserved in an old mansion that gave him shelter after the battle of Hexham, 1464. It is of tan leather lined with deerskin with the hair on and turned over to form a cuff.

It is recorded of unfortunate Anne Boleyn that she possessed many pairs of extravagant gloves and would always wear them to hide certain blemishes on her nails which offended the eye of the king. Her royal predecessor used to delight in making her play cards without them, as it was sure to result in her discomfiture.

Queen Elizabeth took much pride in her gloves, and made an entry in her book of expenses of "one payr of gloves embrawrot with gold," which she sent as a gift to her sister Mary. She also recorded the fact of receiving "ten payr of Spanyshe gloves from a duches in Spayne."

It has been customary for gentlemen to remove the right hand glove when shaking hands with a lady. This custom descended from an ancient one which forbade any one to enter the presence of royalty in gloves, because visitors were to stand unarmed, with the helmet off the head, the gauntlets off the hands, to show that there were no hostile intentions.

Biting the glove is looked upon with disfavor as an unpleasant habit. But it had once a deeper meaning—a pledge of deadly vengeance.

Stern Rutherford but little said,
But bit his glove and shook his head.

Thus wrote Sir Walter Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

It was considered no crime for lawyers and special pleaders to take the bribe of a pair of gloves, and the custom did not fall into disfavor until the gloves were "lined" with coin, which gained the name of "glove money." To this ancient custom can be traced the present habit of presenting gloves to the guests at weddings or funerals.

Gloves were first worn by the clergy to symbolize that their hands were clean and not open to bribes.

Both the old and the modern poets have written tender verses to this capricious article of feminine attire.

"Send me a glove you have lately worn and I will tell your characteristics," was the way in which an advertisement was worded a few years ago. Incidentally a fee of $1 was mentioned as consideration. But the people who were enticed into sending their dollars were more than satisfied with the result. The glove reader told them the most wonderful things about themselves—the color of the eyes and hair, peculiarities of disposition, and many other things. Then society went into the glove reading business, minus the fee, and the secret was soon discovered. Gloves tell tales and carry individuality, as does a favorite perfume used by the wearer.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Illusion Shattered.

The scholarly stoop comes of sleeping too much on large pillows.—Galveston News.

A SPANISH FETE.

One No Longer Hears the Seductive Guitar and the Castanets.

Another time we went down to a fete in the Plaza Nueva, the square in front of the governor general's palace at the foot of the hill. It was held after dark, which was an inducement for us to go. The waiters, from whom we got all the gossip we ever heard, said that it had something to do with Columbus—it might be the little affair of the egg, the discovery of America, or his own death, or anything else, for all they knew or cared. The celebration itself did not help to explain matters. Lanterns hung from every tree in the plaza. There was a crowd of water carriers, and donkeys, and women, and priests, and children, and soldiers, and men selling big round cakes that looked like undersized New England pies with nothing inside. Rockets were let off at rare intervals, and a band, all drums and cymbals, played with just such a brazen, barbarous benting and clashing as the Moors must have made as they marched past to one of their periodical musters in the Vivarrambla. That was all; so that the connection with Columbus was not very obvious.

But the prettiest part of the pageant was on our way back, when, at the top of the Calle de los Gomeres, we saw a group of girls in the gateway, a white barricade against the darkness of the wood. They broke away, dancing, as we came, and we followed them up the steepest of the three parting roads in pursuit of a distant sound of music. The scene held out promise of the traditional Spanish night attuned to the click of castanets and the thrumming of guitars. But within the Alhambra's inclosure we found nothing more romantic than a man with an accordion and a few couples waltzing under the trees. For the national dance and song the stranger must go to the show held by guides and gypsies somewhere on the Albaycin. It is supposed to be improper, though it is at the most only stupid, and for this you must pay in pesetas.

But never once in Granada's open streets and courts or in those of any other Andalusian town did we hear the castanets and guitars that play so seductively through the Andalusia of romance and Murray. That they should still be expected really shows how hard tradition dies. "Am I, then, come into Spain to hear humstrums and hurdy gurdies?" Beckford asked indignantly a hundred years ago. But every new traveler goes to the country, sure that for him, at least, there will be the sweet strumming and mad fandango all the long southern night under the stars.—Elizabeth Robins Pennell in Century.

Watterson's Greatest Dinner.

The greatest dinner that ever I sat down to consisted of a leg of mutton dressed with mustard, a bit of hot wheat bread and some fresh butter, with half a jug of fine whisky to wash it down. It was in front of New Hope church in the summer of 1864. Some one had sent Eustis a leg of mutton. Some one had sent Yeatman a large pillbox of butter. Bragg, General Polk's cook, had some flour. Eustis and Yeatman invited Governor Harris and myself. The governor happened to have a key which fitted General Polk's medicine case. All of us united in making the robbery of a vial of Irish whisky, the general himself being absent, and that was the dinner! Glorious dinner!

Please God, the quartet still survives to tell the tale, which they do whenever they meet and can get an audience. Eustis is in Paris, embassador, the same cool, self possessed man in diplomacy he used to be under fire, able, brave and lazy. Harris, touching the eighties, is the dashing, brilliant, impetuous boy he was 32 years ago, and, silver or gold or neither, I look toward him as I write! Yeatman, obtrusive only in his courage on the battlefield, lives the life of cultivated leisure and unambitious rusticity which delighted him most when he was both younger and richer than he is, though he still has his ancestral acres.

That was a dinner!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Jewel of a Wife.

A certain Russian nobleman visiting Paris was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and which extended over his hand like a buckler for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color and was traversed by red veins.

A lady, meeting him in public, ventured to say:

"You wear a very handsome ring."

"It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulcher.

"This jewel," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since in Russia. She was an Italian and dreaded the bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her body to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance which I could carry about with me. Eight days after he sent for me and showed me the empty coffin amid a horrid collection of instruments and alembics. The jewel was lying upon the table. He had, through means of some corrosive substance, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel, which shall never more leave me."—Chips.

The Ant.

The instincts of the ant are very unimportant, considered as the ant's, but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.—Emerson.

Fine Figure.

She—What a splendid figure Miss Philley has.

He—Yes, $3,000,000.—Detroit Free Press.

Rural France.

A traveler is especially struck with the fine roads in France, of which the people are justly proud. The government keeps up a perfect system of care and inspection, and wherever one goes he may be sure of finding the principal roads in excellent condition. They are often bordered with trees for miles and are in a perfect state for bicycle riders.

All the underbrush, small twigs and even the lower branches of the trees have been cut for firewood, and not a twig is wasted. All are gathered and tied up in bundles ready for use. Every foot of ground is cultivated, or so it seems to strangers. There are mountains and barren places where nothing will grow, but every bit of ground that can produce anything is made to do so. The winter is so mild south of the Loire that vegetables are flourishing in the gardens at all times. There are, of course, certain seasons for the different ones, except the haricots verts (string beans) and the dwarf radishes. These are always in season, and the quantities eaten in France must be enormous.

The fields are not generally separated by fences or hedges. The dividing line is, however, clearly shown by the sort of grain growing in them. As most of the farmers keep sheep the absence of fences necessitates the shepherd or the shepherdess.

Wherever one sees a small number of sheep there is also to be seen a guardian with them. Alas, it is not the beautiful shepherdess of the poets and painters. I suspect she never existed, except in the fertile brain of these artists.

In reality the shepherdess is often an old woman, who leads her flock from one spot to another, tranquilly knitting a stocking while her sheep nibble the grass.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Sabbatarian.

Dr. A—— did not believe in forcible restraint for the insane. Therefore, as head of an insane asylum where personal influence was made to take the place of bolts and bars and shackles, he was kept a busy man. One patient in particular was a young boy continually complained of at headquarters because he refused to wear his clothing, preferring to tear it into rags.

Dr. A—— remonstrated in vain, then thought out a plan of diplomacy, with which he approached his patient.

"John," said he, "I find I am in need of a boy and thought you might like to take the position. I want to engage a boy not to tear clothes. Do you think you could do that work?"

"Yes, I could," said John.

"Very well; what wages will you ask?"

"Twopence a day."

The bargain was closed on the spot, John's destroyed clothing having cost the asylum pounds where his wages were pennies. From Monday to Saturday John was a model laborer, receiving at the end of each day his wage with the other workmen about the asylum. Sunday came, and with it John's mania. He had not a whole rag on his back when Dr. A—— was called upon to speak to him.

"How did this happen, John?" he asked. "Weren't you engaged to work for me? You have broken your contract."

"I have not, sir," asserted John, with warmth. "Didn't I work for you all the week? Today's Sunday, and I'll be hanged if I work for any man on Sunday."—Pearson's Magazine.

A River of Uncertain Mind.

If there is a river that does not know its own mind, the Wabash is that same rivulet. It winds about in the lowlands, sometimes deep, sometimes shallow; sometimes broad and again so narrow that we could set our paddles against the bank and pole along. It seems to realize its mission is to run southwest and to try steadfastly to follow its destiny. But the spirit of vagaries seems to possess it, so that it bends about to the north and tries to find the chain of lakes. It strikes out boldly for the west as if nothing less than the great Mississippi would satisfy its longings, and then it swings away to the left and glides over trailing mosses, wooing the odors of the southland.

Sometimes it runs through woodlands, where a fallen tree across its course drives canoe and voyagers to dry land. Sometimes the gravel grates against the yielding cedar wood and passengers must go overboard and follow, wading, till deeper water runs beneath the keel. Sometimes the currents are swift and the paddles are scarcely needed, and again the waters spread out into a dimpling lake, and we cross with two divergent lines running from the prow—the canoe at the point of a prostrate pyramid.—Leroy Armstrong in New Bohemian.

How They Get Wheels.

"It seems a trifle queer to see everybody on wheels nowadays," said a member of the Curbstone club, "but no doubt if we could get the private financial history of many of these bicycles their ownership would seem a trifle queer. Out in my neighborhood lived a thrifty old colored woman who had worked hard at washing and ironing for a good many years and had bought a little home place, a bit of a tumble down old house, with ground enough for a piece of cornfield and a cabbage patch. She had four daughters, very swell young colored women, who lived out in the city and wore detachable collars and eyeglasses as a neat finish to their other elegant attire. Not long ago the old mother died, and bless me if those four colored belles didn't go right to work, sell the house and lot and buy themselves each a fine bicycle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cleaning White Felt.

Clean white felt hats by brushing carefully over the hat with a paste made of magnesia mixed with cold water. Allow this to dry thoroughly, and then brush off. Two applications may be necessary if the hat is very much soiled.

TRYING A CURIOUS PLAN.

Teaching Modern Science In the Oldest of Oriental Languages.

The Punjab province of India has been for some years the scene of an interesting academical experiment, that of communicating western science, philosophy and literature to the people through their mother tongue, and to the educated through their learned languages, and not in an English dress, as elsewhere.

Sixty-three years ago Macaulay and Duff destroyed the very different pernicious system of bribing native students of Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic to read their own sacred books. Gradually the learned classes came to be left out of our state system of public instruction, with evil results. Sir Donald McLeod accordingly devised and Sir Charles Aitchison carried out the plan of at once attracting these, in the Punjab at least, by oriental titles and degrees, and of examining all students for the ordinary university degrees through the medium of their own vernacular. The Punjab university and its oriental college were founded at Lahore for these two ends.

The latest report of the Edinburgh graduate, Mr. J. Sime, M. A., who is director of the department, is not very favorable to the success of the double experiment, now some 18 years old. He declares that "the prospects of advanced education through the medium of the vernacular are not improving" at least, and Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, the lieutenant governor, has ordered a special report on the subject. In the Oriental college last year only 5 students were reading for the title of Shastri, or honors in Sanskrit; 14 for Visharada, or high proficiency in the same; 11 for Manlavi Fazil, or honors in Arabic; 7 for Manlavi Alim, or high proficiency; 7 for Munshi Fazil, or honors in Persian; 7 for Munshi Alim, and 7 for the Gurmukhi title in the Sikh vernacular. Of the 117 candidates in the local university in Sanskrit a third passed. Of 33 in Arabic two-thirds passed, and so in Persian and Gurmukhi. The only encouraging fact is that every year the number of the Pundit class who take honors and degrees in Sanskrit is rising, and more than half of them go to the Punjab examinations from the other provinces where there are no such tests.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

LEGAL PLEA FOR HER HAND.

Able Argument of Counsel Involving Personal Interests.

The judge's daughter was perturbed.

"Papa," she said, knitting her pretty brow, "I am in doubt as to whether I have kept to the proper form of procedure. In law one can err in so many little technicalities that I am ever fearful. Now, last evening George"—

The judge looked at her so sharply over his glasses that she involuntarily paused.

"I thought you had sent him about his business," he said.

"I did hand down an adverse decision," she answered, "and he declared that he would appeal. However, I convinced him that I was the court of last resort in a case like that and that no appeal would lie from my decision."

"Possibly the court was assuming a little more power than rightfully belongs to it," said the judge thoughtfully, "but let that pass. What did he do then?"

"He filed a petition for a rehearing."

"The usual course," said the judge, "but it is usually nothing but a mere formality."

"So I thought," returned the girl, "and I was prepared to deny it without argument, but the facts set forth in his petition were sufficient to make me hesitate and wonder whether his case had really been properly presented at the first trial."

"Upon what grounds did he make the application?" asked the judge, scowling.

"Well," she replied, blushing a little, "you see, he proposed by letter, and his contention was that the case was of that peculiar character that cannot be properly presented by briefs, but demands oral arguments. The fact that the latter had been omitted, he held, should be held to be an error, and the point was such a novel one that I consented to let him argue it. Then his argument was so forceful that I granted his petition and consented to hear the whole case again. Do you think"—

"I think," said the judge, "that the court favors the plaintiff."—Chicago Post.

She Was an Abstainer.

A lady, who is a strict prohibitionist, was one of a private party at Fairview last summer. They were taking supper in the pavilion, and had given orders, when one of the gentlemen turned to her and said:

"Will you have some piepercut, Mrs. X.?"

She drew herself up rigidly and felt grossly insulted.

"No; I thank you, sir," she said. "I never drink anything stronger than lemonade."

Then the gentleman pointed to the post, and, while the rest of the crowd laughed, she read:

"Pic, per cut, 5 cents."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Corsets and Electricity.

A new objection to corsets has been discovered. In a California high school, where electrical experiments were being performed, the professor was so annoyed by the effects of the steel in the girls' corsets upon his delicate instruments that a rule was made forbidding the wearing of corsets in the electrical department.

Of Course.

"Buffles is always talking about his library. How large is it?"

"Oh, his library is in his head."

"Bound in calf, then, evidently."—New York Sun.

Gatherers of tea leaves in China receive 6 cents a day.

IN HARD LUCK.

Two Men Who Were Peculiarly Cheated Out of Square Meals.

"Yes," said the reformed miner, "I am back from Cripple Creek, and that is the best of my luck. I got away. Here is a sample of the ill fate I had to contend with: I struck the camp without a cent, for I hadn't done anything but lose all along the line. I hunted up Johnnie Costello, and the best he could do was to get me a meal ticket at the Blue Bell—one of those 21 meals for $4 affairs—and every time you eat they punch a figure. I wasn't long using it, and stepped out on the sidewalk containing the first resemblance to a square feed I had held for some days. A gust of wind came down from between Tenderfoot and Mineral hills, where all the puffs originate, and blew the meal ticket out of my hands. It landed face up on the sidewalk, ten feet or so away, and before I could recover it a big 200 pound Cornish miner stepped on it. He wore heavy boots, with hobnails in 'em, and as sure as I'm a living man the nails in his heel punched out the remaining 20 squares."

A similar melodrama, whose plot swung and rattled about a restaurant ticket, had its scene in Chicago. It was before the days when gold cures offered temporary relief to those addicted to the rosy. One young man, naturally of a thrifty habit, reached a point in his life when he learned that if he became thirsty he became very much so. In quelling this thirst he was apt to squander all the money he had saved since the last time. So it came that, being philosophic, he rose superior to his propensity for thrift and disposed of his salary as fast as he earned it. Thereby he got due and proper action for his money, and also appreciably shortened the length of his drunks. Having no reserve fund, he could not continue his liquor consuming career for long. One Monday he detected the stealthy approach of the thirst. He had become so wise that he could tell it 18 hours away. It was his salary day, and, knowing full well his weakness, the first investment he made was in a meal ticket.

On the Thursday following the next he saw the sun. The interval was part blank and part confusion of red lights, cabs and schooners. He had not a cent in his clothes, and was as hungry as a shipwrecked sailor. He dug up his meal ticket and went around to Calhoun place—the restaurant was situated therein—but Calhoun place was blockaded. Firemen were half way up the alley playing their hose on the smoldering ruins of the restaurant.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE GAME BUTCHERS' WORK.

Wanton Slaughter by Hunters In the Jackson Hole Country.

The American Field jumps upon the foreigners who come to the United States, seek out those localities where most of the big game is to be found, and then lay themselves down to the work of slaughtering it with rifles. A favorite resort of these game butchers is the Teton basin. Here are found elk, deer and antelope, which are being killed off rapidly. The Teton basin, Jackson's Hole, is much lower than the National Yellowstone park, and much of the big game migrates south to it, as a warmer climate is to be found in the valley. It is here that the hunters from abroad congregate, and in spite of the Wyoming state laws kill game wantonly. If these men would kill a couple of heads of each kind, taking care of the meat, and following up wounded game, little or no objection would be made.

These hunters, some of whom are Americans, pass through the National park on their way home with wagon loads of skins and horns. The law in relation to transporting game reads that "possession within the park of the dead bodies or any part thereof of any wild bird or animal shall be prima facie evidence that the person or persons having the same are guilty of violating this act." With this act behind him the superintendent could squelch the wholesale slaughterers of game in the region of the Yellowstone park, according to The American Field. Captain Anderson, the superintendent, is urged to make an effort to enforce the law. What would be better yet would be the annexation of the Jackson's Hole country to the Yellowstone park.

"Le Typewritisme."

It is in commerce that l'Anglicisme naturally wins its greatest victories. In his Montreal office M. Jean Baptiste employs a secretaire prive—not particulier, like his Parisian cousin—and, to make matters worse, this official must nowadays be a typewriteur (or typewritense, as the case may be,) who increases the demoralization of his native tongue with his "lettres typewritees."

Of course, the French-Canadian merchant has to count his money in dollars and cents like his neighbors, and cent or centin long ago displaced sou. The obvious Anglicism chelin has gone out of fashion with the English shilling, and is only used (to represent 20 cents) by the old market women and their contemporaries; and piastre is not yet translated into "dollar," but escomte has already become "discount," and difference has become "balance," regardless of the fact that balance, like baume, is a French word with quite a different meaning.—Contemporary Review.

Ruins.

Ruins in some countries indicate prosperity. In others decay. In Egypt, Greece and Italy they record the decline and fall of great empires. In England, Scotland and Wales they mark abolition of feudal tyranny, the establishment of popular freedom, and the consolidation of national strength.—R. Anderson.

Metaphor.

"This," remarked Algie's new bicycle, as it inserted him in a soft bank of clay by the roadside, "this is what might be called running it into the ground."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ENGLISH CAVE DWELLERS.

Evidences of Them Found In the Region Made Merry by Robin Hood.

The town of Nottingham is 124 miles north of London. A part of the town is on low lying ground close to the river Trent, where floods sometimes occur, but the rest of the town is built on a series of red sandstone hills. It is situated on the southeastern fringe of the great Derbyshire coal field, and the historic forest of Sherwood formerly spread almost up to the city walls. Now this forest has, in a great measure, been cut down, and this has reduced the rainfall, raised the temperature and rendered the climate of the town drier and more bracing than it used to be. The mean annual rainfall is now 25 inches and the temperature 47 degrees. As sandstone is soft and easily cut it is only natural that the early dwellers in caves came and lived in holes dug in the hills of Nottingham, particularly as the forest close at hand was a good hunting ground where game could be captured for food.

Bronze and other tools employed by these early and prehistoric inhabitants are occasionally found, and the first name known to have been given to the place was Snotingaham. This in Celtic means "the home among the rocks." Afterward it became one of the towns of the kingdom of Mercia, and in the ninth and tenth centuries was one of the five chief northern strongholds of the Danes. Already what is now known as the Castlehill was a strongly fortified position, and it was in his attempt to capture this fortress that Alfred the Great was signally defeated by the Danes. Two hundred years later, when William the Conqueror in his turn subjugated the Saxons, he rebuilt the castle of Nottingham and placed it under the command of his natural son, William Peverel.

But it was here also that Saxon resistance continued for many a long year, for it was in the great forest hard by that Robin Hood and his merry men dwelt. These outlaws were Saxons who were dissatisfied with the Norman rule and preferred a life of brigandage to submission. The holes dug in the rocks, the passages made through the sandstone mountains, enabled these bold foresters to occasionally appear in the town and close under the Norman battlements.—Boston Post.

BAD BILL'S BREAK.

It Was a Sensational Feature and Shut Up the Whole Revival.

Bad Bill was a well known character in the west, and there are many stories told of his exploits, but one of the best has never been printed, and was related to a reporter by a man who was present when it occurred.

Great Bend, Kan., now one of the best towns in the state, was at one time about the worst. That was when it was a railroad terminus before Dodge City was established.

A traveling evangelist went to Great Bend and tried to start a revival. There were a few Christians in town, and these all attended the first meeting, the only one of the unregenerate present being Bad Bill, who took a front seat. Every one feared trouble when he walked into the church, but he sat quietly during the exhortation. The evangelist requested all who wanted to go to heaven to stand up, and every person present except Bill arose. When they were seated again, Bill got up, and, drawing two pistols, said:

"You say you want to go to heaven. Now, anything I can do to help this game along and give pleasure to the players, I'm in for. You all want to go to heaven, and I'll give you as good a chance as you'll ever have. The first man that gets up I'll give him a ticket clean through, without any stop overs."

The evangelist crawled under a seat and the members of the congregation laid on the chairs.

"Well," said Bill, "I see you wasn't in earnest, so we'll put out the lights and call this meeting adjourned." One by one he shot out the lights, and by morning the evangelist was on his way to Hutchinson, while the members of the congregation kept quiet and made no further attempts at holding a revival.—Washington Star.

Paid For the Pleasure.

During a journey of the Emperor Joseph II to Italy the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty that he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there his majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith shop in the town and desired him to repair the wheel without delay. "That I would do willingly," replied the smith, "but it being holiday all my men are at church. The boy who blows the bellows it not at home."

"An excellent method then presents of warming onself," replied the emperor, who was unknown to the smith, and he set about blowing the bellows while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, 6 sols were demanded for the job, but the emperor gave 6 ducats.

The blacksmith returned them to the traveler, saying, "Sir, you have made a mistake, and, instead of 6 sols, have given me 6 pieces of gold which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the emperor, stepping into the carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."

Talent.

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb.—Holmes.

His Uncle Did It.

"Did you say that Marks owed his financial success to his own will power?"

"Oh, no; to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Marks."—Detroit Free Press.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
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Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
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Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
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DIVISION 11.

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Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
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Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
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Cut Flowers In New York.

There are now about 20 wholesale commission dealers in cut flowers in the city. The first dealer in this business started about 18 years ago. Before that retail florists who did not raise their own flowers sent to the greenhouses of the growers for them. Now nearly all florists buy of the wholesale commission dealers in the city.

The flowers sold in this city are grown in New Jersey, and on Long Island and at some other points in this state. They are brought here by express packed in boxes constructed for the purpose. The busy part of the day in the wholesale flower establishments is from 6 o'clock in the morning, at about which time the flowers arrive, until about noon.

The customers of the wholesale dealer include not only city florists, but also florists in many places within 75 miles around New York, and flowers are often shipped from here to points much more distant.—New York Sun.

Another Kind.

"You allude to a lot of smoking ruins in your story," said the city editor.

"Yes," replied the reporter, "they were there."

"But I didn't send you to write about a conflagration. This was a semisocial occasion."

"I know it. But there were a number of cigarette fiends present."—Washington Star.

Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood, as the emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age in purple.—Longfellow.

Marquises come next after the oldest sons of dukes, and are succeeded by the oldest sons of dukes not of the blood royal.

1598. 1896.

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Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County, at

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Brilliant Display of Fireworks in the Evening.

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